

**WIVES WHO SECRETLY PHYSIC THEIR HUSBANDS**

# PEARSON'S

**TO INTEREST,  
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.**

# WEEKLY.

**SMOKE**  
THE CELEBRATED  
"PIONEER"  
SWEETENED TOBACCO.  
KNOWN ALL OVER THE  
WORLD.  
MANUFACTURED BY THE  
RICHMOND  
CAVENDISH CO. LTD.,  
AT THEIR  
BONDED WORKS,  
LIVERPOOL,  
AND  
Retailed by all first-class  
Tobacconists at Home and  
Abroad.

**VISIT**  
THE  
NIES.  
Applied to  
the use of  
DUKE and  
OF CORN-  
WALL

TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING JUNE 13, 1901. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. [PRICE ONE PENNY.]

**NOW IN THREE STRENGTHS**  
**LIGHT, MEDIUM, and FULL**  
**GALLAHER'S**  
**"TWO FLAKES"**  
**TOBACCO.**  
In 1, 2, & 4 oz. TINS, secured by patent band.

**ROBINSON & CLEAVER LTD., BELFAST, And 104, 105 & 170 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.**  
**CAMBRIC** ... **LINEN** ...  
Direct from the  
Manufacturers.  
Samples  
and Price Lists  
Post Free.  
**POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.**  
"The Irish Cambrics of Messrs. ROBINSON & CLEAVER have a world-wide fame."—The Queens.  
Shirts, Fine quality, Long Cloth, 4-fold pure Linen Fronts. 25.9 per 4 dozen (to measure, 2—extra).  
"Excellent quality, most moderate in price."—Myra's Journal.  
N.B.—To prevent delay, all Letter Orders and inquiries for Samples should be sent direct to Belfast.

**WHEN BUYING A CHEAP BICYCLE,**  
look at the tyres. If they are not  
**DUNLOP TYRES**  
the machine is not cheap at any price.  
**DUNLOP TYRES, £3 3s. Per Pair.** Of all Cycle Agents.  
**THE DUNLOP PNEUMATIC TYRE COMPANY Ltd.,**  
Para Mills, Aston Cross, Birmingham, and Branches.



**van Houten's**  
**Cocoa**  
Best & GOES FARTHEST  
**EXQUISITE FLAVOR**



# Hudson's Soap

**For Washing Clothes**

**Hudson's will do more work,  
and in less time,  
than any other Soap,—  
with about half the usual labour.**



WHO SAID  
"FOREIGN?"

J. G. GRAVES'

**'EXPRESS' (Reg'd) English Lever, £2.10.0.**  
Is guaranteed British manufacture throughout, and warranted for seven years. It contains all the most modern improvements, and is fitted with massive sterling silver cases. Of course an English Lever costs twice as much as a cheap foreign watch, but then it's ten times better. The special business of the firm of J.G. Graves is to supply British watches to British workmen, and on such terms as to make it easier to acquire a sound English watch than a cheap foreign imitation.

**THE SYSTEM.** You send 5/- to start with, the watch is then forwarded, and if you are satisfied with it, you complete the purchase in nine more monthly payments of the same amount. If not thoroughly satisfied, return the watch, and your deposit is instantly refunded in full.

**The Largest Watch-Sales Firm in the World.**

Our New Catalogue of Watches, Jewellery, Tools, &c. &c. sent Free on application. Wanted:—A few responsible men as spare-time agents. Good pay. Write for terms.  
**J. G. GRAVES, 23 DIVISION STREET, SHEFFIELD.**

## DAVIS & CO.,

Pawnbrokers, Jewellers, and Silversmiths.

- ▲ **Bargain.**—Gent's handsome 18-carat Gold-cased centre-seconds Chronograph Stop Watch, absolutely correct timekeeper, jewelled movement, 10 years' written warranty; sacrifice 10s. 6d. Sent for inspection before payment.
- ▲ **Bargain.**—Field, Marine, or Race Glass, by eminent optician, Gaipter, of Paris, 25 miles range, powerful achromatic lenses, nickel-silver eye-shade, leather-casing case; sacrifice 10s. 6d. Sent for inspection before payment.
- ▲ **Bargain.**—Gent's (genuine) 18-carat rolled Gold (stamped), Curb Double Albert; sacrifice 12s. 6d. Also Grecian Head Seal to match, same quality; sacrifice 3s. 6d. Sent for inspection, quite privately, before payment.
- ▲ **Bargain.**—Lady's handsome 18-carat Gold-cased Keyless Watch, jewelled movement, beautifully enamelled dial, 10 years' written warranty; sacrifice 15s. 6d.
- ▲ **Bargain.**—Genuine (18-carat) rolled Gold (stamped) long Neck or Watch Guard, exquisite pattern, in handsome Morocco Case; sacrifice 14s. 6d. Sent for inspection before payment.
- ▲ **Bargain.**—Genuine (18-carat) rolled Gold (stamped) Curb Chain Bracelet, with padlock and Safety Chain, in handsome Morocco case; sacrifice 10s. 6d. Sent for inspection, quite privately, before payment.
- ▲ **Bargain.**—Lady's very elegant half-hoop Diamond and Ruby Ring, solid Gold Government hall-marked, set with 4 Real Diamonds and 3 double Rubies; sacrifice 10s. 6d.

SENT ON APPROVAL before payment, quite privately, per registered post.

**DAVIS & CO. (Dept. 22), 26 Denmark Hill, Camberwell, London**

## WOOLF BROS.,

"ONE PROFIT" 41 Barbican, E.C.

You can go to any Tailor and pay more or less than we charge for our garments, but go where you will you cannot get our qualities in Made-to-Measure Tailoring at less than double our prices. The reason is that we are the only whole sale manufacturing Tailors now advertising, and, therefore, are in the best position to give **VALUE FOR MONEY.**

**BUSINESS SUITS**

Made to Measure, 22s.

In great variety of patterns. Unrivalled at double our price. Better qualities, 30/-, 35/-, & 40/-

**SERGE SUITS**

Made to Measure, 22s.

An immensely popular line with us. Thousands have been made and not a single complaint received. Better qualities, 30/-, 35/-, & 40/-

**TROUSERS**

Made to Measure, 5/6, 8/6, & 10/6

Our Speciality.

Magnificent Quality, Style, Quality and Finish Guaranteed.

**THIS IS FREE!**

We offer to all Applicants our Large Bunch of

**NEW SEASON'S PATTERNS.**

We ask you to write for these and judge our prices by the qualities of our patterns. That will be a practical test of our statement.

We pay Carriage on all Goods in the United Kingdom.

**WOOLF BROS.,**

"ONE PROFIT" 41 Barbican, E.C.

## JUNO CYCLES FOR LADIES & GENTS

THE MOST UP-TO-DATE, FREE or FIXED WHEELS.

Carriage Paid. Discount for Cash.

Monthly 28 10s. 14s. 210 10s. 17s. 42 12s. 20s. 42 12s. 21s. 42 14s. 24s. 42 15s. 26s. Write for New Season's List.

JUNO Lady £10. 10s Monthly. JUNO Light Roadster £11. 14s Monthly. Cycles and Accessories (over 100 pages) sent Post Free. Hatherley Road Works Cycle and Motor Co. Ltd. 104d METROPOLITAN MACHINISTS CO. LTD. JUNO Cycle School and Works, 75, 76 Bishopsgate St. Without, E.C., and Piccadilly Circus, London, W.

**LISTS POST FREE**

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## Sulpholine Lotion.

For Clearing the Skin from Spots, Blemishes, Redness, Roughness, giving a Beautiful Complexion and pleasing appearance.

SHILLING BOTTLES.

£20

Hardwires Fitted up. Estimates Free. Tobaccoists commencing. See Illustrated Guide (250 pages), 2d. How to Open a Cigar Store, £20 to £2,000.

**TOBACCONISTS' OUTFITTING CO.,**

166, Euston Road, London.

The Largest and Original House.

(30 years' reputation.)

Manager: H. MYERS.

**KAPUTINE**

THE SAFE

REMEDY FOR

**HEADACHE**

Any Chemist or

Stores can get it for

you; 1/- per packet

of 18 doses. Send

stamped envelope for

Free Sample.

**KAPUTINE LTD.,**

HUDDERSFIELD.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—STERLING HONESTY  
PURPOSE. WITHOUT IT LIFE IS A SHAM.

"A new invention is brought before the public, and commands success. A score of others are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copy it, the original closely enough, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity the original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit."—ADAMS.

EVERY HOUSEHOLD AND TRAVELLING TRUNK OUGHT TO CONTAIN A BOX OF

## ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

A Simple Remedy for Preventing and  
Curing by Natural Means.



All Functional Derangements  
Temporary Congestion  
arising from Alcoholic Excess  
Errors in Diet  
Biliousness, Sick Headache,  
Vomiting, Heartburn,  
Sourness of the Stomach, Constipation,  
Thirst, Skin Eruptions, etc.,  
Feverish Cold with High Temperature,  
Quick Pulse,  
Influenza, Throat Affections,  
Fevers of all kinds.

INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS, SICKNESS, &c.—I thought of writing to tell you what 'FRUIT SALT' has done for me. I have been a perfect martyr to Indigestion and Biliousness. About six months back my husband suggested I should try 'FRUIT SALT'. I did so, and the result has been marvellous: I never have the terrible pains and sickness I used to have; I can eat almost anything now. I always keep it in the house to mend it to my friends, as it is such an invaluable pick-me-up in case of headache or don't feel just right.—Yours truly, — (August 8th)

The effect of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' upon any DISORDERED, SLEEPLESS, or UNRESTED CONDITION is SIMPLY MARVELLOUS. It is, in fact, NATURE'S OWN REMEDY, UNSURPASSED ONE.

CAUTION.—See Capsule marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it you have a worthless imitation. Prepared only by J. C. ENO Ltd., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, S.E., by J. C. ENO Ltd., LONDON.

## NELSON'S PENSION TEA.

That our Widows' Pensions are highly appreciated we have ample testimony in the numerous letters we have received from Widows. Over £800 in pensions is posted to 2,000 Widows every Friday, amounting to over £40,000 per annum. Now, what have these Widows done to get this £40,000 per annum? They have every week during their husband's lifetime purchased ½ a lb. of Nelson's Pension Tea. Are there not many more who will purchase ½ a lb. of Tea every week, when by so doing they qualify themselves for a pension of 10s. per week for life, providing they remain Widows? Will it not be a splendid New Century Resolution to purchase Nelson's Pension Tea? If you will send us your name and address we shall be pleased to send you the name and address of our nearest Agent. We have over 3,000 Agents in the United Kingdom, and a large number of Branches.

Men and Women desiring an Agency for the sale of our Tea are invited to apply for terms. Please address Nelson and Co., the Great Tea Men, Louth, Lincolnshire.

## THE FAMOUS

"MAB" DWARF RAZOR

The description given of the little "MAB" as the finest shaving implement in the world is confirmed in thousands of testimonials. The "MAB" is rapidly superseding the big clumsy razors hitherto used. Do not accept any not bearing the registered Trade Mark. "The MAB" or you will be disappointed. PRICE: Black handle ... 2/6 Ivory ... 3/6 PAIR IN CASE, Black ... 3/6 Ivory ... 4/6 Sent post free same day as ordered.

"MAB" CO., 73 Newhall Street, BIRMINGHAM.

TO SMOKERS!

Make your own Cigarette, Sir,

It is twice as good.

Cigarette Paper

AG

Best Purest

LARGEST SALE IN GREAT BRITAIN

40/- SUIT FOR 15/3

As an advertisement offer, we will make any reader a Gentleman's Durable Cloth Lounge Suit—to order—wholesale price to you 15/3, carriage free (worth 40/-). Some customers think this offer too good to be true, until they get the Suit, then we receive their letters of delight by the hundreds. If you, reader, are interested in saving money, as you should be, simply write a post-card to

Manager, Pattern Department,

**THE VI-CLOTHING CO.,**

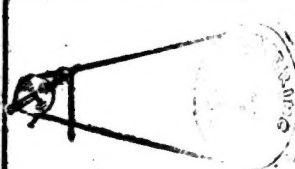
Grainger Street,

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

and ask for Patterns, tape measure, and particulars, which you need not return; they cost you nothing, and will certainly save you pounds in tailors' bills. We also make gentlemen's Beaver Overcoats to order for 15/3.

Established for the People, 1880.

Cut this offer out as it may not appear again.



## A COMPLETE REVOLUTION IN FLOOR COVERINGS

has been brought about by the introduction of Catesby's Cork Linoleum. A few years ago you would think of putting a carpet down on the floor. How different are to-day. Every one has given up carpet because it does not clean or dust, and at the same time is so easily cleaned. What a difference Catesby's Cork Linoleum has made! It is chased at half the price of carpet, and yet you get a material that will last three times as long. It is cash buyers' money. It is ready to be put down on receipt of a small balance you can pay. It is using the Catesby's pay cash on your door. Send once.

**CATESBY'S CORK**

3yd. by 3yd. ... 0/6

3yd. by 3yd. ... 0/6

3yd. by 4yd. ... 1/0

3yd. by 4yd. ... 1/0

4yd. by 4yd. ... 1/6

4yd. by 4yd. ... 1/6

**CATESBY & CO.**

(Dept. W) 64-67 TOTTENHAM ROAD,

See that you get the Fresh Air Fund Collecting List with this copy.

# PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST  
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE. WEEKLY.

## "PEARSON'S WEEKLY" INSURANCE COUPON.

The signing of this coupon by the purchaser will be sufficient to entitle his or her next-of-kin or legal representative to the benefits of the £2,000 Railway Insurance, and the £100 Cycling Insurance, provided the conditions of the insurance coupon have been fulfilled.

Signature .....  
Available from 8 p.m., Thursday, June 6th, 1901, until midnight, Friday, June 14th, 1901. For full particulars see page 196.

No. 569.]

TRANSMISSION AT  
BOOK RATES.

WEEK ENDING JUNE 13, 1901.

ENTERED AT  
STATIONERS' HALL.

[ONE PENNY.]

BINKS: "Is your wife ever out of temper?"  
Winks: "Never; she has an inexhaustible supply."

"Good evening, Mrs. Motheaten. How delightfully that dress suits you, especially those dear ivy leaves! It puts one in mind of ivy growing round an old ruined wall."

FIRST BOOTBLACK: "Wot's de matter, Jimmy? Yer looks played out."  
Second Bootblack: "Played out? I should think I am! Just bin givin' two policemen a shine."

"How is it," asked the victim, "that you charge me sixpence when the sign says, 'First class hair cut fourpence?'"  
"But you haven't first class hair," replied the barber.

It was outside a London railway station. A ticket-collector was chasing away a stray cat.

A passing wag, seeing the frightened pussy, said to the official:

"What, hasn't he got 'is ticket?"  
"No," grunted the piercer of pasteboard, "that's the reason why I clipped 'is ear."

Recently a Rugby gentleman was on a walking tour, and arriving one evening at a small town, had to stay the night at a prim old lady's cottage as the inns were full, it being race time.

He was totally deaf, and took care to impress the fact on his hostess with instructions that someone must enter his room to wake him at a particular time in the morning.

Waking of himself some time later, he found that the old lady, with a creditable regard to propriety, had slipped under his door a note inscribed:

"Sir, it is half-past seven."

A worthy professor noticed a horse with what seemed to be a very singular bone formation in one of its legs. The animal was attached to a dilapidated cart, and driven by a burly coster.

The professor spoke to the man, and, after making a brief examination of the protuberance, concluded by saying:

"When your horse dies I should like that leg for scientific examination. Bring it to my house, and I will give you half-a-sovereign for it."

Two hours later, on reaching home, he found a long, awkward bundle in the hall, which, on being opened proved to contain the leg of the horse.

"You see, sir," the owner of the horse remarked, with a peculiar look in his eye, "the old 'oss, he died."

The other evening at a village Band of Hope a nervous young man was giving an address on perseverance to the children. What he really intended saying I cannot guess, but he became so confused that he delivered himself of the following:

"Children," he said, "however hard your task appears to be, remember the old proverb, 'If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again.' Let me tell you a little story to illustrate my meaning. 'Three boys who had been to—er—rob an orchard were pursued by the farmer, when one of them stumbled and falling—er—to the ground was left in the rear of the others. The farmer had now gained on him so much it seemed impossible for him to escape except by leaping over a wide—er—muddy brook.'"

Here he scratched his head for inspiration and continued:

"This he determined to do. He tried the first time—er—and—he tried the—er—second time, and the third time—er—he jumped straight—er—into the middle of the brook."

Of course the children laughed at this, but they simply roared when a small voice in the front row called out:

"Please, sir, where did he jump to the first time?"

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## LOVE ME WHILE I LIVE.

Make me no vows of constancy, my friend,  
To love me, though I die, the whole life long,  
And love no other till thy days shall end—  
Nay, it were rash and wrong.

It would not make me sleep more peacefully  
That thou wert wasting all thy life in woe  
For my poor sake. What love thou hast for me  
Bestow it ere I go.

Carve not upon a stone when I am dead  
The praises which remorseful mourners give  
To women's graves—a tardy recompense—  
But speak them while I live.

Heap not the heavy marble on my head  
To shut away the sunshine and the dew;  
Let small blooms grow there, and let grasses wave  
And raindrops filter through.

Thou wilt meet many fairer and more gay  
Than I; but, trust me, thou canst never find  
One who will love and serve thee night and day  
With a more single mind.

Forget me when I die! The violets  
Above my rest will blossom just as blue,  
Nor miss thy tears—e'en nature's self forgets—  
But while I live be true!

JINKS: "What's the idea of sending your family away?"

Winks: "For their summer holiday."  
"But you're staying behind yourself?"  
"Well, bother it all! I want a holiday as well as they do."

FATHER (severely): "My son, this is a disgraceful state of affairs. The report says you are the last boy in a class of twenty-two."

Henry: "It might have been worse, father."

Father: "I can't see how."

Henry: "There might have been more boys in the class."

MILLIONAIRE (showing his library to distinguished novelist): "See them books?"

Distinguished Novelist: "Yes."

Millionaire: "All bound in calf, ain't they?"

Distinguished Novelist: "So they are!"

Millionaire (proudly): "Well, sir, I killed all them calves myself."

At a farmhouse in Monmouthshire a party of labourers were enjoying a smoke and a chat, after a hard day's work. The conversation turned to the subject of shaving.

Some were of opinion that beards should be allowed to grow, but an old labourer who had been listening intently all the time, settled the argument by saying:

"If men weren't meant to shave what were razors made for?"

The tribes on the coast of British Columbia hold a festival in the autumn, the crowning item of which is the partaking of a few spoonfuls of a bowl of soapuds.

They gather in the dingy huts, which are hung with the staple food—dried salmon. For light they stick into the ground, head downwards, a silvery fish about five inches long, set fire to the tail and they have a torch, for the fish burns steadily.

After eating of various unsavoury foods, there comes the great treat. This is a bowl of a frothy, soapy mixture, obtained by crushing—in a not over-clean manner—the sapolith, or soap berries, and squeezing out the juice. This is as much like soapuds as it is possible to conceive. The natives sip it from spoons of black wood, neatly carved, of which they think a great deal.

HE: "Tis love that makes the world go round."  
SHE: "And just because your head is turned, you think you are the whole world, I suppose."

LADY CUSTOMER: "Are you sure this is real Ceylon tea?"

Well-informed Young Salesman: "Certainly, madam. Mr. Ceylon's name is on every package."

"Does your wife play whist?" asked one gentleman of another at a party.

"No; but she plays a strong hand at poker," answered the gentleman, significantly rubbing the back of his hand.

"I HEAR, Mrs. Derby, that your husband has two revolvers and a Winchester rifle for any burglars who may call."

"He had, but they came the other night and stole them."

Barber (to customer with red hair): "I say, young man, did you notice that card in the window?"

Customer: "Yes, it had haircutting on it."

Barber: "Well, next time you come let it be haircutting. I've spoiled two pairs of scissors already on this rusty wire."

The young man rushed from the shop and has not been seen again.

An amusing incident happened the other day at the Glasgow International Exhibition.

A brawny Clyde ship workman was emerging from one of the refreshment bars in the grounds when he observed a naval man approaching.

"Ah!" he exclaimed to his companions, "here comes one of the Handy men. I widna' gie one of them for six o' yer red-coated sojers! Gie's yer haun, Jake," he continued, approaching the man in blue. "What cruiser are ye frae, maybe I he'p'd to build it."

"Cruiser!" exclaimed the other in surprise. "I'm not off any cruiser. I belong to the water chute!"

One night, not long ago, three young gentlemen were having a walk along a quiet road, when one of them, who had previously remarked that he could hang to the crossbar of a lamp-post for five minutes, suggested that he would try it.

The other two agreed and accordingly he mounted the lamp-post with his back to the other two.

Now it happened that there was a secluded spot behind the company, and in order to play a trick, the two young men, who were supposed to be timing their companion, secreted themselves in this place, thus leaving the young man hanging to the post.

A few persons passed by, and you can imagine their thoughts when they saw the young man hanging and no one about, and you can also imagine how the culprit felt when he dropped and found his companions out of sight.

With every copy of this issue of P.W.

we are presenting a valuable document, known as a FRESH AIR FUND Collecting List. Probably you will smile at the idea of such a piece of paper being at all valuable. Let us hasten to assure you that it is valuable—very valuable—to those little mites whom it is intended that you should benefit. We do not, naturally, go to the enormous expense of printing and of inserting these tens of thousands of lists without hoping for some good return.

What are you going to do about helping us this year? Possibly you have always made it a practice never to ask friends for money on behalf of any charity? If so, of course, you won't trouble to break your rule on this occasion; but, is there any reason why you should not? Instead of throwing the inset away, ask someone else to do the collecting for you. Please don't discard this inset as though it were a mere common sheet of paper. It is put before you with a purpose, and we don't want you to entirely ignore that purpose.

NINEPENNY MONDAY will be June 17th. You must send ninepence to the Fresh Air Fund to reach us on that day.

## COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

## THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

By C. E. C. WEIGALL.

It was only when Elsie Blount had been a day and a night at sea that she realized she had made a hideous mistake. It was not far from midnight when she sprang to this momentous conclusion, and had it not been that the door of her cabin on the hired transport, *Semiramis*, was ajar she might have landed in Bombay without becoming aware that her errand might have been likened to that of a fool.

The cabin was in darkness, and beside the thud of the screw there was no disturbing element of sound save the soft breathing of Mrs. Dormer's four children in the berths below her, and the swish of the sea—quiet as the proverbial mill-pond—past her porch.

"Jolly for you," said a man's gruff tones, with a ring in them of a desire for a shipboard flirtation, "and doubly jolly for the fellow you're going out to marry. What did you say his name was? A soldier, of course. They always carry off the pick of the bunch."

There was a shrill, affected, little laugh that Elsie recognized as belonging to the smartest woman on board, a Miss Lancaster, whose dresses and complexion were always the talk of the ship, and whose father, the portly Colonel of the Pay Department, was discreetly blind to everything but dinner and whist.

"Oh, no, not a soldier at all, just a man with a large business of some sort or another in Madras, and a huge income. I thought money made a better foundation for happiness than a red or a blue coat, and Gerard Broadwood has the dollars without the gold lace. We met up at Simla, last hot weather, for his friends are the right sort and all that, and we fixed it up, and came home to get the trousseau, papa and I."

"Gerard Broadwood? H'm! No more shipboard flirtation for you, mademoiselle," and the conversation died away with a low murmur till Miss Lancaster raised her voice again:

"Oh, just a stupid little entanglement. He got mixed up with some girl and declared that in a moment of mental aberration she got a promise of marriage out of him. But what matter. He can write and send her the announcement of our marriage, and even a little governess cannot expect a man to commit bigamy for the sake of her lovely eyes. Good-night, Mr. Harding; you must really go back to the smoking-room, or people will be wondering where you are."

Then a faint scuffle and a protest, and the passage was silent again.

Elsie lifted herself on her elbow and stared out into the dark of her cabin with desperate eyes. She herself was going out to marry Gerard Broadwood. Three years ago she had met him, he had fallen in love with her, and she had promised to go out to marry him as soon as the death of her old, bedridden aunt should have set her free.

For three years she had drudged at her daily governess work, buoyed up by the thought of the luxurious home waiting for her in the future. Her aunt had died, leaving her just enough money to pay her passage out to India, and, writing to Broadwood by one mail, she had followed her letter by the next steamer.

She remembered now, when it was too late, that he had not written to her for months, save scraggy postcards, each one stating how busy he was. He had written only once from Simla that fatal last hot season, and when she had upbraided him he had replied that he had been ill with malaria, and—she had believed him.

What was she to do? She would land in India penniless and friendless, with no means of paying her return passage to England, no means of supporting herself in a country to which she looked forward with dread, even regarded in the light of a future home. To throw herself on the mercy of Gerard Broadwood was not to be thought of; to represent herself in her true position to Miss Lancaster was absolutely impossible, for pride sealed her tongue.

They would land in Bombay; Mrs. Dormer would take her to Madras where her husband was stationed. Such was the present arrangement, and after that—the deluge; for that good lady had made it clear that nothing would induce her to retain Miss Blount's services at any price.

The stuffy cabin seemed more unbearable than ever, and Elsie slipped to her feet with the feeling strong upon her that she could rest no longer within its four walls. She dressed herself hurriedly and slipped out into the passage way, for silence had fallen upon the whole ship, and she was in no mood to consider regulations or rules in that moment of wild despair. Everyone was asleep save the sentry on his weary walk, and the N.C.O. in charge of the troop deck who had just been his rounds.

The night was very still as the girl stole up the passage between the closed doors and out into the starlight. Her heart was beating as though it would burst, and Sergeant Lewis, as he turned and saw her from his coign of vantage behind the main hatch, held his breath for a moment at the thought that she was a spirit.

Her head was thrown back, crowned with its aureole of pale gold hair, and her face, white and serious, lighted by the young moon that caught the blue of her eyes and turned them into brilliant forget-me-nots, seemed to him that of an angel. Her gown was no whiter than the hands that held the shawl about her figure, and Sergeant Lewis drew a sharp breath of admiration and wonder.

Elsie came on to his side of the ship, where she paused, with a quick look round her of something like fear, and in that brief instant there flashed into the Sergeant's mind the realization of what she was about to do. It seemed to Elsie, as she hung irresolutely over the side, that the sea beckoned to her, calling with a soft, resistless voice, to rest in the blue bosom of its almighty quiet, where the dead lie undisturbed till the judgment day.

"Come away, miss, you're a deal too near the water," said

the Sergeant's voice in her ear as he laid a kindly hand on her shoulder. "If there is anything that I can do to help you, you must say the word, but for goodness' sake come away from there."

And Elsie, flung round into his gaunt, weather-beaten face, flung her hands over her face and broke into wild sobbing.

It was a few days later when Sergeant Lewis was climbing the ladder separating the troop deck from the upper portion of it, sacred to the N.C.O.'s and their wives, that he came face to face with Miss Blount, who was returning from visiting a sick child. He begged her to come aside for a moment out of reach of prying eyes.

"I've been thinking over this matter what you told me of that night, miss," he said respectfully, glancing away from her white face and tear-sodden eyes. "You honoured me with your confidence, and, without meaning no disrespect to you, I'll give you the conclusions I've arrived at since thinking the matter over. Begging your pardon, miss, but we all know Mrs. Dormer on this ship, for she is well known on the station as being a terror to all about her, so we must put her aside from the question of assistance. Now, miss, I'm a steady man, with eighteen years' service, and to be sergeant-major in a few months' time. I've saved a tidy sum, and am not one to drink or smoke."

He paused, and Elsie looked up at him with hopeless eyes lit with sudden wonder.

"Now, miss, begging your pardon, this is what I have to say to you. If you will marry me when we land at Bombay I will keep you like a lady and never come a-nigh you save when it is your pleasure. You shall have your own house and a servant to wait on you and be kept in comfort all your life. I'll never ask you for more than you can give, and maybe you'll be surprised, but I loved you since first I clasped eyes on you coming on board at Tilbury, so patient and sweet, with that scolding woman at your elbow. If I'd had my Lee-Metford ready to my shoulder it'd ha' been a mercy to her husband's regiment to ha' rolled her over."

He paused, and Elsie began to speak hurriedly.

"Thank you, Sergeant Lewis, thank you very much. I—I—oh, there is nothing else for me to do, your offer helps me out of everything. I have no friends at home, no one anywhere who cares. I will marry you."

It was a desperate thing to do, but her last chance of help, as it seemed to her then. Here was a good, honourable man offering her marriage and a home on one hand, while on the other, gaunt poverty stalked, with shame and misery in attendance.

"I thank you, miss," said the Sergeant solemnly, "and I promise you shall never repent of it to your life's end."

He made no attempt to touch her, with innate chivalry for which Elsie was thankful, and when she returned to her cabin and the dreary, nagging voice of Mrs. Dormer, who seemed to regard her as something between a maid-of-all-work and a black slave, she took heart at the thought that there was help for her in the future, however humble that help might be.

It was their last night at sea, and the screw of the *Semiramis* was throbbing through the water, doing her twelve knots in fine style, to pick up some time wasted in a storm in the Mediterranean. It was a brilliant night of stars and tropical heat, and everyone was on deck in their lounge chairs watching for the lights of land and the vast continent that was to be their home for many a weary month.

Sergeant Lewis had come forward with a message for the officer in command, and he was puzzled to find him among the rows of deck chairs, arranged in couples, most of them very close together. He wandered awkwardly along in the dim light, for most of the electric jets had been switched off, save one over the door of the music saloon and one by the smoking-room, but when he caught the sound of Elsie's voice he stopped unconsciously.

Afterwards, he was aware fully that he had done a thing not strictly honourable by remaining in the shadow of the awning behind Elsie and Dr. Meadows, but since it had saved him from making a vast mistake, he did not blame himself, and a few words put him in possession of the truth, which was that the young army doctor loved Miss Blount, and that, alas, she had given him her heart during the few days of the voyage that they had spent together.

He learnt also that her broken sobs that she had too great a sense of honour ever to give him up. Loving the gentleman, she would marry the rough man who had asked her out of profound pity and generosity when she was friendless, and remain faithful to him all her life.

Sergeant Lewis delivered his message to Colonel Dwyer and went off again.

"Good-night, Lewis," said the cheery Colonel; "you're not looking yourself at all to-night. I advise you to take a spell of rest, or you will be bothered with advice you old malaria again."

"Good-night, sir. Yes, I'm thinking rest will be the best thing for me," he answered, and stumbled towards the ladder with the step of an old man.

When Elsie Blount went to her cabin late that night, with the full intention of crying herself to sleep over her hopeless love for Archie Meadows, which had come, like most things in her life, too late, she found in her berth a small parcel, directed to herself in a clerkly, stiff handwriting. She opened it mechanically. It contained a large silver watch, a signet ring, a silver charm, and fifty pounds in bank notes.

Bewildered, she picked up a folded sheet of paper in which the watch had been wrapped. It had neither beginning nor end, but she knew instinctively from whom it came, and realized the tragedy that underlay the simple words before she comprehended the full nature of the sacrifice which a simple, honest heart had laid at her feet.

"I hope you will take these things and be happy with the officer you was talking to to-night. It would never have done for you and me to get married, and I knew it as soon as I had spoke to you the other night. The money will buy

you your bits of things for the wedding, and my respects to you and Surgeon Captain Meadows, and I ask you not to take on at what I am doing, and to think no more of me, for I am only doing what seems to be my duty. And so, no more from your humble servant."

The disappearance of Sergeant Lewis was a nine days' wonder on the ship and in the regiment, and as Elsie Blount kept her lips sealed, no one ever learnt the story of his connection with her. He must have slipped overboard in the darkness, seeking the only escape he deemed possible from a situation that had become impossible.

If his dream of happy wedded life had been a brief one, and if in the plunge into the Unknown he had time to remember what might have been, Elsie hoped that the white wings of the Death Angel had borne him swiftly to a world where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage.

His regiment regretted him, until they forgot him in the absorbing interest of their new life in the gorgeous East. And Elsie was too happy with her husband, and too busy in convincing Gerard Broadwood that she never cared for him, to remember for more than a few months the man who had laid down his life for her. For such is the way of the world.

## THE WRONG SORT OF HOSE.

MR. EBENEZER SPARKLER walked into a large emporium the other afternoon and waited about for someone to attend to him. Soon a shopwalker approached.

"Anybody waiting on you, sir?"

"Not yet," answered Sparkler. "I want some hose."

"Ah! Mr. Thirdfloor, this gentleman is looking for your department," said the shopwalker to an assistant who was about to step into the lift. "Take him up and show him our line of hose."

Sparkler stepped into the lift and was conducted to the garden hose department.

"Now, what size is it you're wanting, sir?" asked the assistant. "We've got half-inch, inch, inch and a half, two inch—all sorts. Do you want it for—"

"I don't think you quite understand, sir—"

"You want to water the front lawn, eh?" interrupted the assistant. "Well, you'll want about twenty feet, an inch and a quarter—"

"Half a minute—"

"But it'll pay you to get a good long piece in case you move. There are several different—"

"You don't give me a chance to—"

"Different grades of hose, but I think you will find it better to have the wire-bound variety, which doesn't take any harm when stepped on. It costs a little more, but—"

"I say, you might just dry—"

"We guarantee every foot of hose we sell here, and it'll last you as long—"

"Look here! Are you wound up for—"

"You'll want one of these sprinkling attachments, too, so that you can rest the hose in any part of the lawn, and let it do its work automatically, and—"

"For goodness' sake, stop a minute," interposed Sparkler, taking hold of the assistant's coat. "Just listen to me, will you? Whoever said I wanted garden hose? Have I got any grass in my hair? Have I got a suburban look? I didn't come here for a lot of rubber tube wherewith to mess up the front garden. I haven't any front garden. If I want to cool myself I have to sit on the doorstep. I never said a word about garden hose. Did you ever hear of hose that fashion decrees we should wear—socks and stockings? That's what I want, and nothing else. How do you like listening to a little game of talk yourself on a hot day without a chance to get a word in edgewise? Now, then, hurry up and get me some socks. Socks, I say, socks."

Then Sparkler paused for breath, and the assistant led him in silence to the sock department.

—

"I THOUGHT you told me your father was a retired merchant?"

"So he is. When the broker's man took possession he had to retire."

—

NELLIE (who has been to the dentist to have a broken tooth taken out): "Oh, dad, I am glad I'm not a cricketer!"

Dad: "Why?"

Nellie: "Why, in the account of the cricket match it says that at six o'clock stumps were drawn."

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Have you seen the Sixpenny Edition of Max Pemberton's famous novel "The Phantom Army?" It's simply splendid!



## HOW TO MAKE NOBLEMEN CALL ON YOU

YOU MAY PUT  
THEIR VISITING  
CARDS ON YOUR  
TRAY, ANYWAY.

THERE is a man in London whose trade consists of supplying would-be Society people with the outward and visible sign that they move in upper

circles, that is to say with bogus visiting cards and note-paper purporting to come from people of title.

Naturally enough, the clients of this person do not advertise his existence and calling for him. For when you see reposing on the top of a heap of cards in the hall-tray at some suburban residence, the "paste-boards" of such distinguished people as Earl Marrow-fat, Lady Coteduster, Sir Hugo Maybee, K.O.B., or some leading luminary of the Church, you are naturally ready to believe that all those exalted persons have indeed called on the lady whose house you are in, and you swell with self-conscious pride to think that your own humble visiting card will repose shoulder to shoulder with the Earl or my lady.

Whereas if the truth were to be told, what a shock it would be to learn that those exalted cards were purchased from a man whose business it is to help Mrs. Suburban-Jones to keep up appearances, to ape the acquaintance or an intimate friendship, of people who do not even know her name, and of whose appearance she herself is in total ignorance.

Some time ago a lady, who made a great display in her card-tray of a certain well-known nobleman's card, was brought face to face with the nobleman in question, by a woman who happened to know them both.

"Ah, Lord So-and-so," said the mutual friend, "here's your old friend, Mrs. Blank."

The nobleman stared at Mrs. Blank in astonishment. Mrs. Blank stammered out something with a crimson face, and the other, with all the charitableness of her sex, pursued remorselessly:

"Surely you know Lord So-and-so, Mrs. Blank? Why I saw his card on your table at Olapham only a few days ago."

Lord So-and-so bowed and politely intimated that he had never been to Olapham in his life. As for Mrs. Blank, she turned and fled ignominiously, and the supplier of bogus visiting-cards lost a client that day.

But there is another side to the question of supplying these bogus cards that is by no means a laughable one. Some years ago a well-known firm of hosiers received a letter from a nobleman, written on the most elegant private note-paper, with crest and address-heading all correct, as a scrutiny of Debrett proved at once. The letter intimated that his lordship would have much pleasure in calling on the firm in question.

On the afternoon of the same day, a smart private hansom drove up to the shop, a man alighted, presented his lordship's card, made a very large purchase, which was carried into the hansom by the willing shopman and his assistants, and drove away without paying. Of course the hosier did not feel that he could ask so exalted and evidently fashionable a customer to pay at once, and besides he had left his address, and it would be a fine advertisement if the shopman could tell his customers that he supplied, among others, the Earl of Such.

Alas for the hosier's dreams! He never saw payment for that purchase. The Earl in question he found to be quite a different sort of personage in the flesh. Note-paper and visiting card were both forgeries, in all probability supplied by some rascal who made it his business to find such commodities as ducal visiting cards and aristocratic paper headings.

As everybody knows, the note-paper, address headings and monograms employed by royalty and members of the aristocracy are in some cases exceedingly elaborate. Thus forgery of these things is rendered very difficult, though in the case of visiting cards, where there is but little scope for elaboration, forgery is only a matter of a little trouble.

Yet the bogus "aristocracy driver" has boasted that there is no form of letter-paper, however exalted, that he cannot supply at a few hours' notice. Hence we see letters in conspicuous places in suburban houses, on the top of which all the world can read: MARLBOROUGH HOUSE, S.W., or WINDSOR CASTLE, with the Royal monogram beneath it, or some feudal castle in Northumberland, with a letter beginning "My dear Kate," or "Dearest Ethel" beneath the awe-inspiring address and coronet.

It will be a surprise, doubtless, to many to learn that Lord Salisbury has taken tea in quite a number of small houses in Olapham Park, while there are three houses in Camberwell that have often the pleasure of supplying the cup "that cheers but does not inebriate" to the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire. Though probably no one would be more surprised to hear this than these worthy people themselves.

## THE LARK'S SONG.

THE volume of sound produced by the skylark is most wonderful. The lark ascends until it appears no larger than a midge and can with difficulty be seen by the unaided eye, and yet every note of its song will be clearly audible to persons who are fully half a mile from the nest over which the bird utters its song.

Moreover it never ceases to sing for a moment, a feat which seems wonderful to us human beings, who find that a song of six or seven minutes in length, though interspersed with rests and pauses is more than trying. Yet this bird will pour out a continuous song of nearly twenty minutes in length and all the time has to support itself in the air by the constant use of its wings.

JACK: "While on a holiday, I have been trying to sail a boat."

TOM: "How did you get on?"

JACK: "Not very well with the boat, but I learnt how to swim."

## DON'T BE A HOLIDAY BORE.

THE TERRIBLE CREATURE THAT FILLS YOU UP  
WITH SEASIDE STORIES.

"ENJOY your holidays, and by all means cram into them as many new experiences as you can; but don't become a bore over them afterwards!" was the advice of a friend of mine, who has the reputation of being a most delightful talker. The warning should be borne in mind by a good many people just now. It is a common experience at this season to be bored by the experiences, mostly quite ordinary, of your fellows who have returned to town, sunburnt and enthusiastic, from some "charming seaside spot" or other resort.

How many of them there are who insist that you shall learn every trivial detail of those holiday hours. You know exactly what they are going to say, and you are profoundly indifferent, but indifference is no sort of rebuff to the holiday bore.

There is, for instance, your very young friend of overbearing manners who has just been to some gay town, probably Brighton, for a ten days' mild dissipation with "that awful bounder, Smith." It follows that they had a "ripping time." You do not doubt his word and hasten to assure him so in a vain hope of stemming the flood of anecdotal reminiscence he has ready for you. You are not interested, but he is, and away he goes on a hackneyed story of what he and "that awful bounder, Smith," did and saw and eat, and thought and, above all, what they paid. On the latter point he is most precise. It is not that he has been grossly overcharged. It is simply his peculiar way of endeavouring to impress upon your own frugal mind the prodigious sums he pays for the necessities of life (and a few other things), once he is out of London with nothing to do.

The bore dismisses the town in a few sentences, slangily epigrammatic, which he has concocted with some care for home retail consumption. But the people, "the girls," the amusements, and a host of trivialities which come within the limited range of his holiday aspirations are subjects with him for special and ornate treatment. He has made the acquaintance of a ravishing creature, but don't anticipate a pretty romance; the tale is one of his hardy annuals. It is his weakness to embroider the most ordinary incident which may happen on his holiday. For eleven months of the year he is prosaic; but after that fortnight by the sea he has imagination and fancy enough to be strikingly picturesque, if somewhat at variance with the truth.

Then there's little Davis, who talks vaguely of a visit on his own to Norway, or Scotland, or perhaps Switzerland, and who goes to Hastings, as he has done with regularity for the last ten years, accompanied by Mrs. Davis, all the children, and a pile of goodly proportioned luggage. He also bores you with his experiences, but you would not grudge him a little sympathy if he were not so insistent in revealing to you all those troubles which ought to be decently concealed behind a big family screen.

The dear old lady of your acquaintance wants to talk to you of the wonderful air and the climatic advantages of Oromer or of some other resort which she patronises. Her knowledge on the subject makes all the information compiled in the local guide books look scanty, and you find it requires an effort to keep up that show of intelligent interest which politeness demands.

Perhaps the most irritating of all holiday bores is the superior person who gravely tells you that it is a waste of money and energy to go for a holiday unless you intend to mentally profit by what you see. No doubt he has done so, but you devoutly wish that he would not carry his pet theory the step further of imparting this profit to yourself. Sadly or gaily, flippantly or gravely, but always and for ever insistently, the holiday bore pours out his "experiences." It is easy to become one of them, but, if you value personal popularity, you will take care not to do so.

## A FORTUNE THROUGH BAD TEETH.

How the Founder of "Cerebos" Made his Great Discovery.

THE idea of eating the bone of a chicken, or the stalks of vegetables, or of using the bran of wheat in making bread, seems incongruous to modern ideas. In the arrangement of their diet, civilised nations just pick out those portions of their food most easily masticated, and discard the rest.

Yet the neglected substances are just as essential to our food as the selected, and animals, who seem more in touch with natural laws than ourselves, chew everything and eschew nothing, as did our primitive ancestors, who were certainly our physical superiors.

The skin, bones, stalks, and other parts of animal and vegetable food, which we reject without a thought, contain the mineral phosphates which are absolutely essential to the healthy building up of the human frame, more particularly as concerns the development of the bones and teeth.

Mr. George Weddell, the founder of "Cerebos" salt was the first to discover a means whereby this defect in our dietary system might be remedied, and the discovery came about in a curious way, namely, through the faulty teeth of his young daughter.

When the child was growing her second teeth she was taken to a dentist to have them examined. The dentist pronounced her teeth to be very poor, and foretold that they would not last half her lifetime, being of what he termed a "chalky" character. As a chemical expert, Mr. Weddell was wont to go deeply into problems of health, and, on hearing this, his first instinct was to seek a remedy for his daughter.

He was at the time writing a book on the subject of our diet as compared with that of our primitive ancestors, dealing with the absence of the essential phosphates above referred to, in our food. The thought occurred to him that perhaps his daughter's defective teeth arose from this very cause.

At first he thought to place her under a course of chemical food which is a solution of the various phosphates required under such circumstances. Like true love, however, the course of medicine never did run smooth, and even the best-intentioned person often forgets to take regular doses. Besides, a short temporary course of phosphates could not have the permanent effect desired.

So Mr. Weddell pondered over the question of how to introduce the desired strength into the diet not only of his daughter but of his whole family, so that they could unconsciously acquire it with their daily meals. At last he had it. Why not incorporate it with the table salt, which is the most regular item of everyone's diet? It was a happy thought, the result of which was "Cerebos."

The following day he looked into the question of the amount of phosphates contained in the various food products, especially in grain, wheat, and vegetables. And after a long investigation during which he consulted physiologists and other chemists, he arrived at a suitable formula for a phosphated household salt. He then gave instructions that a certain quantity should be made in his laboratory every week and sent to his house. He also told his wife that she was in future to buy no salt as he would himself supply all that was wanted for the household.

Six months after, Mrs. Weddell again took the same child to the dentist, who was very much astonished to find that the new teeth which were then coming up were much superior to those shown on her previous visit. He asked Mrs. Weddell what was the explanation of the extraordinary change, but she was quite unable to tell him, it never having occurred to her that the home-made salt her husband had been supplying them for months could have had anything to do with it.

The success of Mr. Weddell's experiment was not lost on him, for after issuing samples of the new chemicalised salt to his numerous medical friends, who in turn ordered it to their patients, he placed it before a higher tribunal—the public, who rewarded his discovery by universal patronage.

For it is no ordinary condiment which you see on the restaurant table bearing the title "Cerebos." That small salt-cellar contains the concentrated essence of the foods that the human race wrongfully neglects. After meat, vegetable, fruit, and drink, it might be said to hold the position of a dietary Lord High Everything Else.

The annual shipment of cases of "Cerebos" is enormous. Mr. Weddell informed P.W. that so great is their Continental trade that large works have been constructed in France, from which enormous consignments are sent to the different European countries. Australia consumes large quantities as also does South Africa.

Cerebos is also in great demand in India and other tropical countries, as, unlike ordinary salt it can stand hot climates without solidifying.

For children the medical profession unanimously agrees that the salt is invaluable as a strengthening agency. While the bones and teeth are in process of formation, it supplies the mineral properties necessary to their development, which would otherwise be absent from their food.

Begin saving up your pennies at once. We want ninepence from you, and we want you to send it to us to arrive on Monday, June 17th, which will be NINEPENNY MONDAY.

# QUESTIONS WORTH ANSWERING

Half-a-crown is paid for every Question used, and Replies at the rate of two guineas a column.

## REPLIES.

### PLANTS THAT GIVE LIGHT.

*Are there any Plants which are Luminous at Night? (5577.)*  
In the proceedings of the Royal Asiatic Society, 1845, reference is made to a luminous root found in the Oragham jungles, which gleams in the dark with the vividness of a glow worm. Major Madden at Almora found the roots of the fragrant Khus-Khus grass was luminous on rainy nights, while in South America and South Asia the Euphorbia phosphorea, when cut, emits a milky juice which at night is brilliantly phosphorescent. The daughter of Linnaeus, in 1762, observed the luminosity of the nasturtium, and Mr. Dowden, in 1843, noted a golden-coloured lambent light playing on the shaded petals of a common marigold.

Other observers, including Goethe in Germany and M. Fries in Sweden, have noticed poppies throwing out gleams of light at night, and the GARDENERS' CHRONICLE of June 10th, 1858, gives an instance of verbenas emitting flashes like miniature summer lightning on the evening of a hot, dry day. Many fungi—especially the Agaricus—are vividly luminous, and these growing on plants give them a luminosity which the plants themselves do not possess.

### WHIPPING A WICKED BOOK.

*Have Books ever been Sentenced to be Whipped? (5578.)*  
This often happened in the early days of the New England States. In the "Historical Magazine and Notes and Queries for America," for April, 1859 (vol. III., page 121), there is the following account:

"Milford (Connecticut), November 21st, 1755.  
"After perusing a false and scurrilous letter, printed at New York, signed Edward Cole, it was tho't proper that the same should be publicly whipt, as tending to begot Ill Will, and brushing a Disunion in the several Governments in America, the contrary of which at this Time and present Situation of our Affairs is much wanted. Accordingly it was here, at 4 of the clock this Afternoon, after proper notice by beat of Drum, publicly whipt, according to Moses' law, Forty stripes save one, by the common whipper, and then burnt."

### WHY BURTON IS BURTON.

*Is there any River, the Water of which, at One Particular Place, is Better Adapted for the Requirements of a Certain Trade than at any other Part of it, or that of any other Known River? (5579.)*

This is the case with the Trent water at Burton, the great brewing centre of England. The commercial importance of this town is due to the enormous development of the beer trade, brought about almost entirely by the superlative excellence of the water. It is well known that good, hard water is an indispensable element in the manufacture of good beer.

The Burton brewers, whose beer has to stand a long time in all climates, are fully justified in praising their water, which contains a large proportion of mineral salts. This water is mostly drawn from wells 20ft. to 120ft. deep, fed from springs, which rise in the Outwood Hills and flow thence to the Trent. The water takes up lime in its passage through the gypseous deposits contained in the marls of the district. This is probably the reason why equally good beer cannot be brewed at other places along the course of the Trent.

### HOW DRUNKEN MEN FALL.

*How is it that Drunken Kinds of Intoxicating Drinks Cause Persons Affected by them to Fall in Different Ways? (5580.)*

The chief function of the cerebellum—the lower part of the brain at the back—appears to be the maintenance of equilibrium. It is divided into one middle and

two lateral lobes. It is found by experiment on animals that an injury to one lateral lobe causes them to fall towards the opposite side. An injury to the anterior part of the middle lobe causes them to stumble and fall forward, while an injury to the posterior part of the same lobe causes them to fall backward, the head in this case being drawn back.

Now, different kinds of spirit appear to have a tendency to affect different parts of the cerebellum, for good wine or beer is said to make a man fall on his side, whisky, especially Irish whisky, on his face, and cider or perry on his back. "These disturbances of equilibrium correspond exactly with those caused by injury to the lateral lobes and to the anterior and posterior parts of the middle lobe respectively" (Dr. Lander Brunton). The reasons for this variation of effect in different kinds of intoxicants is not yet ascertained.

### MISTAKES OF THE MINT.

*What Coins are Known as the "Error Halfpence"? (5581.)*

Certain copper halfpence, bearing date 1713 and 1714, some specimens of which are frequently found in collectors' cabinets. When Queen Anne ascended the throne in 1702 no fresh coinage was necessary. During the last two years of her reign, however, several patterns for copper coins were engraved at the Mint by Croker, a German by birth, the principal mint engraver. These were struck with artistic designs, in accordance with suggestions made to the Lord Treasurer by the celebrated Dean Swift. None appear to have been put into circulation except No. 15, the farthing. Any of these halfpence now seen were probably struck from the dies after the Queen's death.

In the reign of George I. there is another "error halfpenny," possibly unique, which possesses the King's head on both sides, due to the fact of its being struck from two obverse dies. Another "error half-penny" of George II., 1730, is remarkable for the omission of the letter "r" in the King's name, which reads Geogius Rex. This was called in, and another with the name correctly spelt, occurs in the same year.

### MIXED BLOOD THE BEST.

*Why do so Many Eminent Men in all Countries Bear Foreign Names? (5582.)*

This is due to the fact that great men are generally the result of a mingling of nationalities. By blending two races one often obtains the best qualities of each race. One sees this fact brought out very strongly by the success of mixed nationalities. The two leading races of the present day are the English and American; and in each case the stock is inextricably mingled. On the other hand the decaying races of the present day are those whose blood is purest, the Spaniards, the Chinese and the Turks.

It should also be noticed that a foreigner often brings to a foreign country exactly those qualities which its ordinary citizens lack. He thus comes to the front because he has few competitors in his own sphere of excellence. Lastly, governments from time immemorial have had a knack of expelling their most useful citizens. Thus thousands of the ablest English citizens bear French names derived from Huguenot ancestors who were driven to England on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

### "FILLED" NOT ALWAYS "FULL."

*Is a Vessel of Water Absolutely Full when it is "Filled to the Brim"? (5583.)*

That will depend upon the nature of the inside of the vessel. If the water wets the surface, it will curve up towards the side of the vessel to a height of about one-seventh of an inch above the general level. It is, therefore, evident that when this raised rim of water reaches the top of the vessel, the main mass will be one seventh of an inch lower, and it would be impossible to exactly fill the vessel, for when the water is actually running over at the edges the main mass will still be below the level of the brim.

But if the inside of the vessel is oiled or waxed so that the water cannot wet it, the effect will be reversed. The water will curve downwards all round its margin. When, therefore, its outer edge has risen to the brim of the vessel, its chief surface will be above it and the vessel will be more than full.

## KING EDWARD'S REALM.

*What Proportion of the Population of the Globe Live under the British Flag? (5584.)*

According to the latest statistics, as nearly as possible twenty-six per cent, or 407,000,000 out of 1,480,000,000. If we reckon Egypt and the Sudan as British possessions, which they practically are, we should have to add about twelve millions. There has been an increase in the last twenty years of no less than 125,000,000 in the total population of the Empire.

Comparing Britain and her colonies with other nations and theirs we find that Britain has over forty-five per cent. of the whole, Russia comes next with fifteen, France with eleven per cent, and the United States third with ten. About fifty millions of the King's subjects speak English, a proportion of about one to eight. British subjects occupy one-fourth of the habitable globe, and, including the conquered Boer states, some three million square miles have been added to the King's dominions during the last fifteen years.

## THE FISH AS FATHER AND FRIEND.

*Have Traces of Natural Affection been Observed in Fishes? (5585.)*

The parental instinct of the various sticklebacks is well known. This interesting little creature builds a nest for the reception of the eggs of the female and watches over it with the greatest vigilance for about a month, attacking and driving off fishes many times its own size who approach. The three-spined stickleback, barely three inches long, will dart at a human hand extended towards its precious charge. It is the male fish that commonly performs this duty.

The male pipe-fish also takes care of his young family, hatching the eggs in pouches on his body; after they emerge the baby fish still keep near their anxious guardian and escape into the pouch when frightened. The viviparous sharks are said to take care of their young for a time. The sea-horse, the cat-fish, and the Chinese paradise fish, often tamed and kept as pets, also exhibit solicitude for their young, and there are several authentic instances of affection between adult fish and even regard for human beings.

## COMMON-SENSE CRIMINOLOGY.

*In which Country are Juveniles Punished in the Most Sensible Way for Offences against the Law? (5587.)*

In the United States, where the theory underlying their punishment is that physical degeneracy causes criminal character to develop. Therefore juvenile offenders are sentenced to varying terms of imprisonment in reformatories, where they undergo a course of physical treatment. This is coupled with educational and manual training according to the special proclivities shown by each individual, and ranging from the elementary Sloyd process to advanced technological study, as well as to industrial teaching in masonry and carpentry.

At Mettray, near Tours, there has been an agricultural reformatory for juvenile criminals in successful operation since 1839. At Munich, children found begging are taken to an asylum, and taught a trade at which they work until they have paid the expenses of their training. In this country the practice of sending juvenile offenders to naval training-ships has been more successful than any other.

## LARGE FAMILIES.

*If it were Desired to Promote the Growth of Population should Marriage into Large or Small Families be Encouraged? (5588.)*

All observers agree that where a large family is born of healthy parents and its members are well nourished, they make, as a rule, better men and women physically and mentally than members of small families. Again the home-training of a large family is usually the best of moral disciplines, for, under supervision, children are the best educators of children.

On the other hand where a large family, as is too often the case, comes of weakly parents in poor circumstances, and the children are ill-nourished, the reverse is the case. Weaknesses and vices are transmitted, the children are reared on poor and insufficient food, and if there is any offspring of the second generation it is diseased and weakly and dies off quickly. Constant intermarriage between certain large families would also produce the same effect, even if they are healthy to begin with.

## QUESTIONS.

5411. Was there ever a famous duellist who did not take the life of a single adversary?
5412. What is the largest number of votes polled by a candidate in a borough election for Parliament?
5413. Which people are the greatest fiction readers?
5414. What would have been the immediate effect if the present South African war had resulted in a victory for the Boers?
5415. Which was the most tyrannical Government that ever existed?
5416. Which two living Sovereigns would be most fitted to change thrones with each other?
5417. Which proved to be the gravest mistake ever committed by a British Government?
5418. Do any animals make a fresh bed for themselves every evening?
5419. Which country is probably the best served by its officials?
5420. How is it that most of our coal is found in rocks of a certain age?

## CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive from our readers replies to any of the questions asked here. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print the best reply to each question, and shall pay at the rate of two guineas a column for all matter printed. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries, whether his own or not. Envelopes should be marked "Replies" in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by post on the Monday of the week following that for which the paper is sent. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given where possible. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

AN ECLIPSE.—Mother: "I'm afraid your husband is going to be ill. How did he look this morning at breakfast?"

Young Wife: "I didn't see him. He was reading the paper."

JOHNNY MOORE proposed to a girl. She said she would send her answer next day. He was surprised to receive a green leaf. He took it to a botanist, and since then he has been mournful. It was a leaf from a sick-o'-Moore tree.

LADY: "You ought to be ashamed to beg for a living. Don't you know that you should earn your living by the sweat of your brow?"

Beggar: "I know, lady; but, yer see, I ain't got no brow to speak of."

"CAN'T you settle this bill to-day, sir?" asked a tailor of a delinquent M.P.

No, Snip, it wouldn't be Parliamentary. I've merely glanced over it, you know, and I can't pass a bill until after its third reading."

Founded 1871.

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(Empowered by Special Act of Parliament.)

Capital Authorized £1,000,000 | Income, 1900 £378,492  
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"The Master Key," by Florence Warden, is a novel that holds you from the first page to the very last.

## 70 YEARS v. 30 YEARS. IS THIS TO BE AN OLD MAN'S WORLD?

In spite of all that has been said and written concerning the present days being days when the young man is called upon to fill responsible and important positions, there is unmistakable evidence to prove that old men are fighting hard for places near the top. At no time in previous history, for instance, has there ever been so large a number of men over sixty earning handsome livings as there is to-day.

In the City, on the Stock Exchange, and elsewhere, aged men are clinging to places held by them since they were young. And now that statistics amply prove that there is a lull in the birth-rate, there is further ground for supposing that the old men will not budge. In 1878 the birth-rate was 35.6, in 1899 it sunk to 29.3 per thousand—the lowest recorded birth-rate for England.

Then, again, men and women are living longer than they did. Medical and sanitary knowledge have increased and humanity has reaped the benefit. So that old fellows of seventy are hale and hearty and are enabled to cling to the excitement and remuneration of daily toil, when formerly they would have given up and taken well-earned rest.

A great authority, when recently writing on the subject of the lowered birth-rate, says that there is some recompense in the fact that we are now in a fair way to rectify the enormous waste which for generations has gone on in the destruction of lives which never live to repay the outlay upon them.

In plain language this only means that men are lasting longer in consequence of improved constitutions and better surroundings. The fight which has for so long raged sharply in some industries between the young man and the old man will not only continue, it will become still fiercer. If there are fewer young men it must naturally follow that the odds will gradually work in the old men's favour; the opposing force as it lessens in numbers will obviously grow weaker, and many merry old boys of seventy will stick to their jobs while holding the dejected youths down.

An old man's world would have its advantages, yet its disadvantages would undoubtedly be great; it would not be one with that variety, that sparkle, that bright sunshine, that lively mirth which is associated with all that is young and inexperienced.

That indefinable charm, which is always so closely linked with all that is unexpected and untried, would be absent.

There would be a dull sobriety and a damping silence about the earth; it might be decorous without being wiser, flat and yet not more moral. It would assuredly be much more timorous and unprogressive.

Economists predict a perfect hygienic world, and, at the same time, conditions that must cause grave concern to all for whom brightness and advancement and cheery manners have any attraction.

As a larger and larger percentage of the population lives its full term, and has increased opportunities of doing more work, the young man will find it is harder and still harder to emerge from the lower positions in life.

The vacancies will be fewer to an alarming extent. The victory of the old man will result in the idleness, may be the penury, of the young man. An ever-increasing host of persons who maintain a fairly vigorous condition of mind and body is bound to be to the disadvantage of the lad who would work hard to be encouraged by the prospect of an early advance. Many young men will go in for trades and professions for which they know themselves to be unfitted, simply because they will learn of the remote chances of progress in the special line that they would have selected had the field been open.

In France this state of affairs is said to be much in evidence. The stationary character of the population there has given rise to many schemes, and many hoped-for remedies have already been put forward and found wanting. However grotesque and fantastic the plan may be for redressing the evil, the French appear to favour it.

Even in Australia, where of all places conditions are thought to be conducive to a high birth-rate and a rapid growth in every desirable direction, things are not so satisfactory as could be wished, for there is a tendency in the birth-rate to fall. The chief reason seems to be that the proportion of "fertile" marriages is not on the rise but on the decrease.

Twenty years ago the birth-rate was higher than it is to-day, despite all that has been done in the way of better housing and better living.

The birth-rate among the Australian-born women, too, is lower than it is among European women who have left their native lands and emigrated to the colony, which decrease has been regular and persistent since the year 1881.

Over there, as here in Great Britain, the death-rate has been low, so that as time goes on there is little or no ground for doubting that unless a radical change takes place, this world will largely become an old man's world.

We shall see old men behind the shop-counter, old engine-drivers, old soldiers and sailors, and bakers and tailors, and candle-stick makers.

## A MISNOMER.

He came at half-past seven  
To pay an evening call.  
She feared about eleven  
That he'd never go at all.

His style of conversation  
Was awfully insane,  
Showing lack of cogitation;  
But his manner was urbane.

He smiled and kept on talking  
In a cheerful babbling flow,  
While she spoke about the walking  
And wished that he would go.

In vain her hints and yawning!  
He stayed and stayed and stayed;  
It was really almost morning  
Ere he left that wearied maid.

She said she thought she really  
Would have had to take a nap,  
And she wondered why they called him  
"Such an easy-going chap."

## HE LIKED THAT BOOK.

AN illiterate East of Scotland miner was in the habit of meeting some of his fellow workmen in the afternoons to have a chat and a smoke.

One afternoon, being rather late in coming to the usual place of meeting, one of his friends asked him what had kept him.

"Oh," replied John in a lofty manner, "oor Wull" (meaning his son who was a pupil teacher in the village school) "was away buying a new story book, and I thought I wud hae a bit look at it before I come out. After I read the first chapter I got sae interested in it I could hardly lay it doon."

"And what may be the name of the book?" one of them asked.

"Oh, they ca' it Johnston's Dictionary," replied John.

## FLIES SUFFER FROM THIRST.

IN hot weather the fly should not be regarded by man as an object of execration so much as of sympathy. He does not buzz around one just to give annoyance, but because he is intensely thirsty, and the moisture of the skin imbibed during a descent upon one's nose or bald head is as refreshing to him as is a good long drink to mankind.

The human nose is therefore, to a fly, a sort of Burton-on-Trent, while the average bald head is a distillery of oceanic dimensions. Think of this, reader, next time you indignantly sweep away thirty-seven flies from the neighbourhood of your nose, and think what you would do in their place.

An American professor has discovered from careful analysis that a single lady fly may become the honoured ancestress during one season of 4,472,286,103,623,713,559,320 happy youngsters. In fact she could supply an average picnic of her own accord.

## £2 2s. FOR WRITING THIS NOTICE IN SHORTHAND.

AMONG the readers of P.W. there must be heaps of shorthand writers, and they can all write well if they like, or think they can; but the thing is to find out who writes best. Therefore I am willing to write a cheque for a couple of guineas in the name of the reader whose attempt to produce this notice in shorthand characters shall excel those of his fellow competitors.

The disciple of any system may compete, and the results will be submitted to the chiefs of each system for their decision, so that a man who writes Sloan-Duployan or Light Line has as good a chance of winning as a writer of Pitman's.

In each case "corresponding style" must be used, and general neatness will be taken into consideration as well as accuracy. If you yourself don't write shorthand, you surely must be acquainted with somebody who is troubled that way, and he or she will only be too glad to help you—provided you share the prize.

I don't suppose that the offer of the lucre will be any inducement for you to enter; it will be the calm and happy satisfaction of knowing that you have brightened the existence of two thirds of a sad-hearted little waif, by enclosing sixpence for the FASHIONABLE FUND with your endeavour. Don't refrain from doing your best, for, apart from the practical result accruing in the shape of a couple of guineas—and you can do a whole lot with a couple of guineas—your name will be in all the glory of print as the neatest and most accurate writer of shorthand among the multitudes who read this paper every week.

Come now, commence operations right away, put the result of your effort, together with sixpennyworth of stamps, in an envelope marked "Shorthand," and let it arrive here by first post on Tuesday, June 18th.

## Wives Who Secretly Physic their Husbands!

DON'T TRY TO MAKE HUBBY WELL YOURSELF.

A MEDICAL man in North London has recently been treating what at first appeared to be an extraordinary case. The patient attended the surgery and complained of severe internal pains, accompanied by other symptoms, and the doctor, after asking a few questions as to the nature of the diet taken, administered a draught of medicine and certain advice. The patient paid the fee and departed feeling much relieved, for the doctor had told him that the pain arose from a mere passing ailment, and that there was not the slightest cause for any anxiety. In two days' time, however, the patient again called upon the doctor, and said that he had again had a sharp return of the pain.

In answer to questions the sufferer declared that he had strictly carried out all instructions regarding diet, that he had taken no purgative, that he had had no special worry or cause for unsettlement, and that so far as he knew the pain was a mystery. The medical man put the patient through a thorough examination, and once more pronounced him to be perfectly fit and well, saving, of course, the mysterious pain described. However, he advised him to take to his bed in case of another attack of pain.

The patient made his way home and decided to tell his wife that he had seen the doctor. He had not previously told her because she was one of those nervous persons who are for ever in dread of illness, and who regard the smallest ache or pain as the beginning of the end. On reaching home, however, he found his wife out with some friends, and postponed telling her of his indisposition. Next day, before starting for business, he had a still more acute attack of pain, and he went straight off to bed, explaining everything to his wife, and saying that she had better send at once for Dr. So-and-So. Judge of his surprise when his wife (whom, by the way, he had lately married) immediately burst out crying, and confessed to having given him a good dose of Epsom salts in his early morning cup of tea for the past few days.

"I did it because I thought you haven't taken your food very well recently, dear. And I was so anxious to keep you well and happy. How foolish I have been. Because Epsom salts suit me I quite thought they would cure you, and now I've gone and given you all this pain and trouble. Do forgive me, and please don't let us send for the doctor; he would be so angry with me. I'll make you some arrowroot at once." Thus ended well what might have been a more serious business.

The patient called on the doctor a day or two later, and, in confidence, told him the cause of the pain. "My dear sir," said the doctor, "it's becoming a very common practice among women, this secret giving of medicine to their husbands, and if it is not put a stop to there's no saying what will not happen. The wives, I daresay, do it with the very best intentions in the world, but it is most foolish and most dangerous."

The case of a man who, as an out-patient, was attending the skin department of a big London hospital, puzzled the surgeon for many weeks. Drugs which ought to have had acted in one certain direction not only appeared to fail to do so, but signs of other treatment seemed apparent. All sorts of questions were put to the man, and he answered that he had had no other medicine or treatment than what had been given him at the hospital dispensary.

As a last resource the poor fellow was admitted as an in-patient, and placed in a bed where he was under the eyes of a nurse day and night. His cure began at once, and it was only by accident that the sister in charge of the ward discovered that for some time previous to the man's admission his wife had been in the habit of secretly administering a quack remedy.

The police of a seaport town not long ago found a well-dressed man lying unconscious on a public pathway near to his own home. He was taken to a neighbouring chemist's shop and a medical man was summoned. On arrival, the doctor immediately said that the gentleman had been poisoned. The stomach-pump was brought into use and life was happily saved. On inquiry being made it was ascertained that all that the nearly-poisoned individual had taken was some special "lung-tonic" made up by his wife, who, strangely enough, had had some years' nursing experience, and ought certainly to have known the dangerous character of the ingredients used in the compound given to her poor hubby.

P.W. has a medical friend who says that wives indulge in this risky practice simply because husbands, as a class, are very much given to self-neglect in all matters concerning personal health, and, therefore, it is necessary for someone to treat them as children.

In such circumstances it is certainly better that the wife should covertly administer some harmless physic than that there should be a general break-down. The affair is kept secret by the wife, because not one man in twenty will admit that he is in real need of medicine until he is unable to rise from his bed.

When illness does overtake a husband, the first to suffer, in more ways than one, is the already over-taxed wife. If there is a young family to control and wait upon, the additional strain is unusually hard upon her, and her strong desire to evade the trouble and the expense incurred is the excuse that must be considered.

Nine pennies make one summer—that is, all the summer that the little slum child who benefits by the ninepence will know. Remember NINEPENNY MONDAY.



## THE "I ARREST YOU" FAKE.

Forged Warrants that have Helped Criminals—and Cured Them.

A WEALTHY and fairly well-known City financier had retired to his West-end flat one evening, and was enjoying a quiet after-dinner smoke, when the porter of the building announced that a strange gentleman, who refused his name, wished to see him. Not fearing any unpleasant visitors at that time, he cheerfully ordered the man to be shown up, and asked him his business.

"I'm very sorry, Mr. Jones," replied the visitor, a quietly-dressed sedate man, with an innocent-looking brown beard and the dark soft felt hat of professional respectability, "but I must ask you to accompany me. I am a police officer and hold a warrant for your arrest."

The financier was astounded, and after mentally surveying his recent transactions "on 'Change," to recall whether by any chance they had outstripped the bounds of "business" as understood in Capel Court, asked what was the charge on which he was arrested.

The officer then produced a warrant and read it to the astonished gentleman, who gathered that he had been violently assaulting a person he had never seen, at a place he had never visited, a hundred miles from where he was at the time specified.

"My dear fellow," he exclaimed laughing, "you're quite mistaken. I never—"

"Very likely," was the reply; "anyhow, will you please explain that at the police station. In the meantime, you had better come quietly, and I must warn you that anything you say now will be used as Evidence at Your Trial."

The financier, treating the thing more as a joke than anything else, said with another laugh:

"With the greatest pleasure. I'll put on my hat and coat and come."

And after shouting to the porter that he would probably be back in an hour or so, he went downstairs with his companion. Outside, a cab was waiting, and also two other plain clothes men who the officer explained were members of the force. The quartette entered the cab, and drove away. Soon after they had started, the arrested man felt himself gagged, and drugged, and all he remembers afterwards is finding himself, he does not know how much later, at some distant part of London, robbed of £100 in notes and cash, his gold watch, rings, and other jewellery. He told the story to the police, but no trace was found of the ingenious thieves.

In another case a young man of highly respectable family, employed in a city bank, had drifted into loose habits, which ultimately got him into the hands of a gang of card-sharpers. His gambling instincts were so strong that he fell an easy prey to their designs. Needless to say, he at last got into debt, and to such an extent that to extricate himself he was persuaded in a moment of folly to forge his father's name on a cheque. A mutual friend of the father and son got to hear of the matter, and thought he could best save the youth from the consequences of his folly by consulting and conciliating the father, with a view to devising some means of finally curing the son's

### Disastrous Tendencies.

One evening, while following his nightly occupation of card-playing at a certain resort, he was interrupted by a knock at the door, followed by a loud demand if he were in, and before he had time to hide himself as he intended, a man had put his head in the door and was beckoning him to come. In a low voice he said to him, when in the passage: "Mr. Smith, I have a warrant for your arrest. Come quietly. I have assistance outside if there is any trouble." The card-sharpers had by this time sought hiding-places, and no sound came from the room in which they had been playing.

The man then produced the warrant and read it to the horrified culprit, who now realised for the first time the terrible position to which his gambling had brought him. And seeing in the officer's hand a police whistle, he elected to go without demur. When they got into the four-wheeler, the youth was in an almost fainting condition, and could scarcely utter a word.

When the cab stopped, outside a police-station, he staggered out on the arm of the supposed officer. On reaching the entrance, however, he was met by his father and the mutual friend, who told him that the arrest was a deception, and that the warrant was a false one, designed to teach him a lesson. The youth was so overjoyed at the sudden reversal of his expected doom, and had so completely realised how nearly he had been brought to lifelong disgrace, that from that day forth gambling was to him as hateful as before it had been fascinating.

Another case in which a forged warrant was used under justifiable circumstances was related to P.W. by one of those who had taken part in the deception. An attractive society woman had married an elderly manufacturer for his money. This, however, did not prevent

her from carrying on an intrigue with a young solicitor for whom she confessed to her friends that she entertained feelings of affection. She went further, and told them that Society would soon be startled by the news of her elopement with the unknown lawyer.

To carry out this plan, the object of her affections had to adopt means of questionable honesty, which might very easily bring him to a criminal court, namely, the appropriation of certain money of which he was trustee.

He, however, persuaded the lady that he ran no risk as the money could easily be repaid if necessary. The arrangement made was that he should go to a German watering place and that she should follow him in a week. She confided this intention to her intimate friends, and made preparations for her secret flight, not listening to the warnings given her as to the suicidal folly she was embarking upon or the doubts thrown upon the solicitor's financial honesty.

One day before her proposed departure, after the solicitor had left for the Continent, a gentleman described as of Scotland Yard was shown into her apartment.

"Madame," said he suavely, "you at present know the whereabouts of Mr. Brown, I must ask you to let me know where he is."

She shuddered at thought of her lover's arrest, and said:

"It is impossible. I do not know where he is."

"Now, don't be foolish, my dear lady," replied the detective, "if you do not know where he is, how is it you are about to join him?"

"How do you know that, sir," was the indignant rejoinder.

"Ah, we know these things well at the Yard, madam. My advice to you is to give up such a foolish idea, and have nothing to do with this gentleman, as I may as well tell you I hold a warrant for his arrest."

And the detective pulled out the dread document from his pocket to the horrified astonishment of the lady.

"Now, I'm sure you don't want to be taken as an accomplice of a fraudulent defaulter, so give me his address, and take my advice and keep out of this affair altogether."

The lady complied with the request, and was so scared at the knowledge of what she had so narrowly escaped that she once for all abandoned any intention of proceeding with her senseless scheme.

It was afterwards revealed to her that the warrant was a false one, and the whole incident a piece of innocent deception on the part of her friends. She had by that time, however, seen so clearly how foolish she had been, that she thanked her friends for the trick.

## BY THE SAD SEA WAVES.

SHE was young and he was fair. It is generally the other way, but it was thus, this way, this time.

The moon came out from behind a tree, but, scared at the great freckles on her nose which it revealed, it leaped with a shudder into the heart of the next cloud.

She dug the tip of her parasol—which she never left anywhere except when she could collar a better one to take away in its place—into the yielding sand and yawned slightly, glancing at him with a far away look in her skim-milk blue eyes.

He ground the toe of his patent leather shoe more savagely into a big log that the shifting sea had thrown at his feet, and yawned emphatically.

She looked at him as if about to speak, but stopped.

They had known and "liked" each other for a long time, but now—

Is she too indignant at something in his conduct to address him?

If so, why does he not act the manly part and beg her forgiveness?

It is sad to see them so near and yet so far apart in spirit.

At last he speaks:

"Why on earth didn't ma take us to some place where there was a man for you to flirt with, so I could go off and enjoy myself alone?"

She is nearly dead from ennui herself and she manages a ghostly, but appreciative smile.

He is her younger brother.

## PARASOL FLIRTATION.

OPENING the parasol quickly, with the point upward: You interest me.

Opening with the point downwards: Acquaintance would not be disagreeable to me.

Closing similarly: Any advance would be repelled.

Closed and carried over the right shoulder: Beware of observers.

Closed over the left shoulder: We are watched.

Revolved slowly while open: I like you.

Revolved rapidly: I love you.

Used as a cane: You may walk with me.

Laid across the lap: You may sit by me.

Carried under the right arm: Yes.

Under the left arm: No.

Swung point down in front: Kindly salutation.

Moved perpendicularly while held open over the head: Good-bye.

Revolved open behind the back: You follow me.

## Why Actors Hate Stage Carpenters.

TRICKS THAT "CHIPS" PLAYS ON THOSE WHO WON'T TIP HIM.

STAGE carpenters are a peculiar people—a race apart. They are usually born, so to speak, on the boards, inheriting, as they most curiously do, the methods and traditions of perhaps two or three generations of the same calling.

Between them and the players there exists a perpetual armed truce, which frequently becomes actual open warfare.

Upon the carpenter's punctuality, and the perfection of his work, depends in large measure the individual comfort and professional "helping" of this or that actor or actress, and he therefore has to be reckoned with in the shape of frequent "tipping."

A well-known actor once said that "the despotism of the Taars was nothing to the tyranny of the typical stage carpenter." He also quoted several instances in which artistes of both sexes have been not only victimised but even personally imperilled as the result of some vengeful trick played upon them by way of spite.

The "lead" of a certain touring company, not believing in the customary extortion, had, on one occasion failed to put his hand in his pocket. The result was that in a scene in a new production, where he had to cross a bridge or wooden gangway thrown over a defile, he came to grief owing to the supports being half sawn through. The act could be fixed on nobody; and nobody is hard to find. There were, in this case, three carpenters, who all denied guilty knowledge. The foreman, who ought to have been responsible, escaped blame, he being hand in glove with the stage manager.

The next case of trickery on the part of the stage carpenter is of the nature of pure comedy.

An eminent comedian was playing, not so very long ago, in a company got together by a popular actor-manager. A certain "melo" was put up, in which the former was cast for a village Dogberry. For some reason or other, this gentleman had omitted to "tip" the carpenter.

On the morning of the first performance, the "general utility," who was to have played Verges to the other's Dogberry, fell ill. The foreman carpenter offered to come to the rescue and play the part. His offer was accepted. At a particular point in the action, Verges had to be pursued round the stage by his superior, Dogberry, and to finally fall down. While on the ground he was to be thrashed by the other.

At night all went well up to the falling-down point; but when the "Senior Constable" brought down his stage blackthorne—a long bladder filled with wool—upon his victim's back, it produced a loud, gong-like sound, which re-echoed all over the house. The laughter was there, but it was at, not with, the actor. His chance was completely spoiled.

What the other had done was this. He had secreted an old battered property tea-tray up his back between coat and vest. The result of such a proceeding is obvious.

But the actor had his revenge. Despite the trick, the carpenter was allowed to continue the part for the next couple of nights, recruits being hard to get; but good care was taken to see that he dressed properly.

On the third night, when the critical scene was repeated, the audience were astonished at the wonderfully natural yells of the victim, as he was held down by the actor's heavy foot and punished with a round dozen.

This time the laugh was with the executioner, as he had, for a consideration given to the property-master, secured that morning a tried and ancient bludgeon, one in which the wool had, in the course of years, become hard and tough as an oak sapling itself.

Romeo and Juliet was once being played in a certain large provincial theatre. The actor who was to play Romeo, was, by reason of a late illness and the resulting ill-luck, monetarily bankrupt. Such things, therefore, as "tips" and the like were out of the question as far as he was concerned. He looked, too, to all that he should gain from this particular engagement to free himself from debt and set himself up again. But stage carpenters are without mercy; are as hard, in fact, as their own nails.

In the balcony scene Romeo had to stand upon a platform formed by a narrow door, the other half of which formed the standing-part of Juliet's balcony. The rail of the latter was nothing better than a long ordinary ladder, masked by a canvas wall. Each end of this was supported by a stage carpenter.

It could not be leant on without risk, so before the curtain went up the actor requested that the men's arms should be supplemented by a couple of wood supports. Had these been supplied, nothing untoward would have happened.

Romeo commenced his rhapsody, and in the passion of it, leant not only his hands but the whole weight of his body upon it. With the effort down came balcony, house-front, Juliet, Romeo, and the rest, in one fell heap. The two carpenters had simply let go the ladder, protesting afterwards that—they couldn't help it.

Don't read "The Skipper's Wooing," by W. W. Jacobs, if you are afraid of laughing. "It is a story which few people will be able to read with a straight face."—Spectator.

## MAKING PICTURES OF WOUNDS.

Nurses and Officers and Men who were Tattooed on the Field.

THE non-commissioned officer who had charge of the Maxim gun section of the 3rd Battalion Imperial Yeomanry, has just returned home from the front. This is Professor Riley, the tattoo artist. He went out as a volunteer, and both he and his guns took a foremost part in no fewer than thirty-five engagements.

Mr. Riley's identity as a tattoo artist was soon established at the front, and both officers and men, wounded and unwounded, flocked in droves to his tent to be tattooed on the field, just for the novelty of the thing.

"I went out to do some fighting," said he to P.W., "but I think I wounded as many of my own side as I hope I did on the enemy's. But this was only with the tattooing needle."

"One of the first of the wounded officers I saw carried off the field was a client of mine on whose back I had some two years before tattooed a copy of the well-known picture, 'The Charge of the Scots Greys.' When he came out of hospital he hunted me up and I then designed on the shoulder, where he had been shot, a bear, apparently holding in his mouth the healed bullet wound."

"I was at the Lindley disaster. A lieutenant who was severely wounded and afterwards recommended for the Victoria Cross came to me after he had left hospital and asked me to tattoo something on one of his wounded arms. Over one bullet wound I tattooed a couple of regimental flags crossing a drum. The wound stands out between the two devices. Over another wound I drew a soaring eagle carrying the wound, as it were, inclosed in a wreath."

"Other officers now came thick and fast. A certain nobleman of the H.M.S. *Doris* naval brigade, was one, and upon his arm I worked a 4.7 gun and one or two naval designs."

"Some forty or fifty officers, who had been shot in various places on the body, insisted on having the date and the place where the bullet wound was received, tattooed over or under the wounds."

"A major of one of the line regiments, with whom we were lying for some weeks, got shot, at Heidelberg, on the wrist. The wound was a perfectly round one, so I designed a snake coiling round the wrist and holding the wound in his mouth like a ball."

"A colonel of horse was hit on the back of the hand at Belmont. The wound being in close conjunction to the wrist, he suggested having a bracelet done with the wound showing as a stone."

"A sergeant of the Winchesters, having lost a comrade at Sanna's Post, came to me with a photograph of his deceased friend and asked me to tattoo it on the lower part of the right arm; but a comrade in my own regiment was even more romantic than this."

"He was the son of a town clerk well-known in Yorkshire. The youth had received a bullet wound in the shoulder, and wanted me to design a heart round it, so as to make the emblem appear as a broken heart. "It was the old, old story. He had proposed to a girl in Leeds, and been rejected: so he went out to the front."

"He was returned as 'severely wounded,' and on the young lady seeing his name in the list, courageously wrote out to him and made it up with him. But the young fellow had been tattooed by that time, so where the broken heart comes in is hard to tell."

"In those parts of the country where we were operating, tattooing among the troops became quite a craze, and I know this much, that many an officer and many a man was ultimately identified through the tattoo marks when other evidence had been lost."

"One morning an inspection of our kit was ordered, and the general, Lord Methuen, himself came round. He looked at me and then at my machine, which at the best of times looks suspicious."

"What have you got here?" I told him. He laughed and then picked up the machine. "So you are the man? Your position is unique, for you are the only man who has decorated so many of our officers. If De Wet felt some of these needles at his back you could chase him round the world. Try it on him, Riley."

"We had a Boer prisoner for a week. He, too, was tattooed. I designed a pair of camels on his breast, and a Basuto pony on his right arm. He was a friend of Delarey, and I suggested that perhaps he would like to bear on his back a photo of the Boer general. He consented, and much to the amusement of ours I worked the Union Jack on him, and underneath the emblem the motto "God save the King." Of course, he could not see what I was doing. When he left us he quite believed that he was carrying General Delarey on his back. What he thinks now I cannot say, and if I did perhaps it would not bear repeating."

"This craze for tattooing at the front was not solely confined to our warriors, for many of the nursing sisters joined in, too."

"I traced on the upper part of the arms of at least seven or eight ladies the red cross, which at a distance just looked like a badge."

## WHERE YOU CAN LIVE FOR NOTHING A DAY.

IN Norwich there are three days in the year when anyone may claim a very substantial meal for nothing. The only qualification for it is that the applicant shall repeat aloud, in St. Giles' Church, a prayer for the Sovereign's health. Afterwards they partake of a meal of broth, beef and bread, topped off with a liberal allowance of beer.

The little village of Godstone, in Surrey, is, however, ahead of Norwich in generosity. There, from the first Thursday in November to the 1st in April, free broth is given to all who wish to ask for it. And on any Sunday throughout the year you can get a cut of fresh roast beef. It is to be hoped that cyclist readers who may be wending their way near Godstone will not overtax the town's hospitality.

There are places in which you can not only be fed but a night's lodging will be given you. At Rochester, in Kent, there is a hotel where you can get a supper, a night's lodging, and fourpence on your departure next morning. Let us again appeal to P.W. readers not to make a speciality of week-end trips to Rochester. At no other place in the world do they pay you for the honour of making yourself their guest.

Bucks is a rare place for hospitality. If you happen to be cycling, or wandering in the neighbourhood of Waddesdon any day in the year, you can in the morning or evening demand a drink of new milk, and it will be supplied to you free. A cow is kept specially for this purpose by the parish.

At Drayton Beauchamp on Boxing Day, if you wish to apply at the door of the vicarage, you will be supplied with all the bread and cheese you can eat and as much ale as you can drink. If only that custom stood for all the year round, what an easy time you would have of it between Waddesdon and Drayton Beauchamp.

Still, the sameness of diet might become trying, although during Lent you could vary it by going to Farnham Royal, where you would be given herrings and bread. And at Christmas, in Burnham, you would get a most elaborate meal, with plenty of good ale, tobacco, or snuff to finish with. So you see Bucks does very well.

Perhaps in anticipation of some evil effects of such gratuitous and high living, Slopston long ago made provision for free funerals. If death should overtake you there you will be buried free, and the mourners if any will be provided with a half peck loaf, a pound of cheese and four quarts of beer.

WHEN a woman can wash flannels so that they won't shrink she knows enough to get married.

BUSINESS is business, unless the customer happens to be a lady, in which case it becomes strategy.

"I BELIEVE Sprockett is going mad over his bicycle." "Believe so myself. Why, he actually had the hours erased from his watch and miles substituted. Looks just like a cyclometer."

"WE have heard many complaints of the insufficient size of state-rooms on ocean liners," says a contemporary, "but the record has been beaten by a recent passenger, who assured us that his own cabin was so small that he had to go outside it in order to change his mind."

"WHEN we were married," sobbed the young wife, "he said he loved me with a love more enduring than the everlasting granite!" "And it didn't last?" queried the sympathising friend. "Last!" echoed the young wife, drying her tears, "it didn't last as long as a wood pavement!"

## What Rudyard Kipling doesn't know about India

Isn't worth knowing.

The same may be said of the popular authoress Mrs. B. M. CROKER, whose story, the extraordinary adventures of a young girl in India, begins in the June Number of THE LADY'S MAGAZINE.

THE TITLE:  
THE "CAT'S PAW."

THE AUTHOR:  
Mrs. B. M. CROKER.

It is of absorbing interest, and wildly exciting from start to finish.

The Lady's Magazine. 6d. Now Selling.

## BURIED TREASURE IN YOUR OWN BREAD-PAN.

LOOK OUT FOR BANK NOTES WHEN NEXT YOU CUT BREAD AND BUTTER.

EVERYONE is familiar with the story of the fish that, on being cut open on the dinner-table, was found to contain a gold ring that had been dropped into the river, but there are few people who would think of looking for lost property in a loaf.

Some years ago a certain exalted lady was robbed of an exceedingly valuable and unique ring—a jewel that had been in her family for many generations. Suspicion fell on a man who had been in the lady's employ as a cook, who had been dismissed for dishonesty, and who had entered the employ of a well-known pastrycook, where his culinary skill made his employer pass over the fact that his character was not of the best.

The man, however, strenuously denied all knowledge of the theft, and as nothing could be proved definitely to show him to be the culprit, the matter dropped.

The day after the loss of the jewel the lady in question was invited out to a dinner at the house of a neighbouring friend.

Fate had a most extraordinary experience in store for her. During dinner one of the attendants, who was cutting bread at a side-table, suddenly gave vent to an exclamation. This unusual occurrence attracted general attention. The man grew crimson, and stammered out: "Here's a ring in the bread!"

He had been cutting, and his knife had suddenly encountered something hard in the bread. Wonder of wonders, it was the stolen heirloom!

No detective was needed to unravel the mystery. The ring must have been placed in the bread at the place where it was baked. And in the employ of the pastrycook who supplied the "staff of life" to the household where the occurrence took place, the ex-cook of the lady who owned the ring, was employed.

The man at once confessed. When he had been accused of the theft a search had been made.

In terror he had dropped the ring in the dough he happened to be kneading at the time. And by an extraordinary coincidence he had dropped it into the very bread that was supplied, among hundreds of such loaves, to the household where his ex-mistress had been invited to dine. In the presence of such a testimony of Fate's working the thief was powerless to refute the accusation so poignantly driven home.

An old man, of reputed miserly habits, supposed moreover to be possessed of a considerable amount of worldly wealth, on dying left his only relative, a poor, hardworking clerk, an iron chest of small dimensions.

The chest was hermetically soldered up, and was only opened by dint of much exertion on the part of the perplexed legatee. What could be in the iron chest? Gold, jewels, or what? Judge of the poor man's disappointment when the contents of the chest proved to be nothing more nor less than a loaf of bread!

The man's wife and family were assembled round him to witness the opening of the mysterious box. Their disappointment was in no whit less acute than that of the husband and father. In bitterest anger and resentment at such a hoax, the man flung the loaf down upon the floor, execrating the name of the dead relative who had thought fit to perpetrate such a heartless witticism.

But one of the children, inquisitive as children are, cut the loaf in half. His amazement can be better imagined than described when he found that the interior of the loaf consisted of paper—paper that cracked and rustled in a peculiar way. He called his father's attention to the phenomenon. In an instant the dead man's apparently heartless joke was transformed into an act of disguised charity.

The "bread" turned out to be Bank of England notes worth a very considerable sum, sufficient to ensure, if not luxury, at least comfort for the man and his family for the rest of their lives.

A diamond scarf-pin, cunningly concealed in a loaf of bread, once nearly caused the death of a man, who naturally did not expect to find such articles of jewellery in his food.

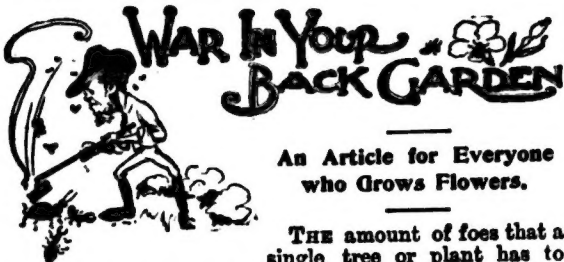
The pin was recovered from his throat, however, and the baker who supplied the bread was sought with mingled feelings by the sufferer.

Then the truth came out. The baker had lost a valuable scarf-pin. Suspicion had been fastened on one of his employes as the culprit, who had stoutly denied all knowledge of the lost jewel. But the baker was inexorable. If the scarf-pin was not delivered up the man should be given in charge as a suspect.

Needless to say, the baker himself was the culprit. He had been making bread with the rest of his staff, and somehow the pin must have been jerked into the plastic dough, to be sealed up in a loaf destined for a customer's breakfast table, with what result has already been narrated.

Of course, the poor assistant was exonerated from all suspicion. His master made ample apologies, and insisted on his keeping the pin as a memento of the occurrence. As for the customer who had fallen a victim to the danger hidden in the bread he was doubtless mollified with assurance that nothing less than gold pieces should be placed in the bread for the future!

You may post on Saturday, or you may post on Sunday, but see it arrives on NINEPENNY MONDAY.



An Article for Everyone  
who Grows Flowers.

THE amount of foes that a single tree or plant has to contend against are so multitudinous and so rapacious that it sometimes seems a wonder that we have any fruit or flowers at all.

Not only in the air, but beneath the soil, are these insidious pests, insects that take up their abode in the heart of a bud or amidst the roots, all of them bent on stealing the sweet juices that strengthen and renew the plant.

To take the "ground-workers" first. One of the most dangerous is the wire-worm, a small brown insect, in shape something like a piece of curved wire, which does great damage to the roots of plants, lying dormant all the winter—and the recent succession of mild winters has greatly encouraged the pest—and which is an exceedingly difficult fellow to catch by reason of its mole-like and subterranean existence.

In the spring the starlings catch a great many of these insects, but the average gardener has not the same resources as the starling. A mixture of salt and soot, the mixture to be three parts soot to one of salt, carefully worked into the ground is the best method of checking the ravages of the wire-worm.

Turnips, carrots and onions are especially loved by a species of maggot. It is supposed by the most eminent entomologists that the fly lays the maggot-egg in cracks in the soil caused by hot, dry weather. This being the case, all spring-sown carrots and onions should be planted in soil over which soot and pepper have been strewn, though plants sown later will not be so open to the attacks of this pest. Little potatoes, with holes in them, placed beneath the surface of the ground will be found a good wire-worm trap.

The commonest of all garden plagues are probably

#### SLUGS AND SNAILS.

The best way to catch the slimy pests is to take a walk round the garden at night with a lantern. They will then be found sallying forth in great armies to devour the dew-laden herbage and can be dispatched by hand—or rather foot. Thrushes are very fond of snails. Lime and soot, mixed in equal quantities, will be found a good mixture to destroy slugs if scattered among beans and peas after rain.

The earwig is a night-feeding insect, and is particularly partial to the shoots of hollyhocks and dahlias. They will also feed on the spurs of fruit trees. They can be found hiding amidst the petals of sun-flowers, from whence they should be dragged and slaughtered. A cheap and effective earwig trap is a small garden-pot, filled with moss, shavings or dark-coloured flimsy paper. These should be inverted on a small stick, and snugly placed among flowering plants, to be emptied every day of the retirement-loving insects.

It is not generally known that moles hate garlic. A piece of a garlic bulb placed in a mole-run will effectually drive away the little "gentleman in black" without all the complications of a mole-trap.

For lawns rendered objectionable by earth-wormcasts, a solution of lime and water—five pounds of lime to fifteen gallons of water—should be mixed and well stirred. The lime should then be allowed to settle, and the water drawn off without the sediment. This should then be sprinkled all over the lawn through a watering pot. The effect will be that all the worms are drawn to the surface by the pungent water, and can then be removed by being

#### SWEPT UP WITH A BESOM.

Ants, which possess a partiality for ripe fruit on a wall, can be kept away by a wonderfully simple expedient—merely a broad line of chalk, drawn along the wall above the soil, and round the stem of the tree. But it is the flying insects—it must be remembered that earwigs can fly—that are the most deadly to fruit and flower.

The green fly that preys on the tender shoots of roses and fruit trees, as well as the aphids, are fearful pests, and should be attacked with the utmost relentlessness. The best way to remove aphides, often found clustering in masses at the ends of rose shoots and other plants, is by the use of an aphid brush, which is made like a pair of scissors with soft brushes at the points. These brushes can be used without injury to the shoots, and will be found quite adequate. They do not cost more than eighteenpence.

Tobacco water and soap and water mixed can be squirted on the shoots of plants in a greenhouse, or in the open with an ordinary garden syringe, with beneficial results.

Ladybirds feed on aphides, and should be protected by every gardener. Many ladybirds mean few aphides.

In the same way tit-mice, starlings, and, indeed, nearly all birds, save sparrows, do more good than harm. True, they take their toll of fruit, but they also rage a relentless warfare against insects.

The common white garden butterfly should be destroyed when possible. The eggs laid by this insect are legion, and the caterpillar particularly destructive.

The black fly, a great pest to fruit trees, should be

destroyed by syringing the fruit trees with an insecticide. This insect also feeds on broad beans. It will be found sometimes in the tops of this vegetable. There is only one way to destroy them when established in such a position. The tops must be cut off and burnt. Prevention is better than an attempted cure, even though the vegetable appears the greater sufferer.

The thrip is a tiny insect found on the backs of leaves. This scourge has a special fondness for azaleas and begonias, while chrysanthemums are often attacked with great vehemence. The best remedy will be found in plenteous fumigation with tobacco paper, in conjunction with a copious application of tobacco-water or a strong soapy solution. Dry weather and dryness in plants is a great encouragement to the thrip.

Another tiny creature, which does not, it is true, fly, but whose ravages are somewhat similar to the thrip, is the red spider. This pest is scarcely visible to the naked eye, but its presence can always be seen by the scorched and parched appearance of the leaves it infests. Fumigation with flower of sulphur in a greenhouse, and syringing with an insecticide are the best remedies.

It must be born in mind that to some plants a too powerful insecticide is as harmful as the insects themselves. For outdoor use a good insecticide can be made as follows: To every gallon of kerosene oil, add a quarter of a pound of soap and half a gallon of water. Heat the soap and water, and while it is boiling hot add the mixture to the oil. Then stir well for about ten minutes. This concoction will, when cooled, become thick like cream. Then add twelve parts of water. For all but the most delicate plants this mixture will be found adequate. For delicate shrubs the insecticide must be slightly more diluted with water.

Very often on apple trees there will be noticed in cracks and crevices in the bark, a blue-grey substance like cotton-wool. This is the American blight and a most deadly scourge. In old trees paraffin oil should be spread over the affected parts with a big camel-hair brush, though some experts recommend the use of lime-water and a hard brush. The mixture given above can also be used, and care should be taken that all infected parts be washed out with scrupulous care. Whole trees will be eaten away by this apparently insignificant insect.

It is wonderful the difference that a little care, as regards pest-destroying, will make in the flower garden and among the fruit trees. And it is a wide axiom to remember that the smallest and most insignificant creatures often do the most damage.

#### HOW HE SAVED HIS DINNER.

IN the little town of Arundel there is a taxidermist who is gifted with wonderful presence of mind. Here is an instance.

Some time ago a gentleman called at his shop with a cock pheasant, which he desired to have skinned, stating at the same time that he did not require the body. This quite suited the taxidermist, who thought the pheasant would do for his dinner on the morrow.

However, later in the day the gentleman called again, and said that he would take the body away. The taxidermist replied that it was unusual for customers to take the bodies away, but that he had no objection, and he fetched the bird, which his wife had put on a plate, and covered with flour.

"Ah!" exclaimed the gentleman. "It looks very nice, but what is this white powder with which it is covered?"

"Oh, that," replied the taxidermist quietly, "is arsenic. I always cover the bodies with that until I can dispose of them."

"Ar—arsenic," stammered the gentleman. "Why, I thought that the bird would be good to eat. Thank you, I won't trouble to take it away with me. Good day!"

The taxidermist had saved his dinner.

"Yes, I sold my motor-car. Had to, because it brought an army of tramps about the house."

"Brought tramps about the house? What were they after?"

"They admired the machine because it would not work."

WIFE: "What are you busy at?"

Young Physician: "I am writing a letter to the newspapers, abusing Dr. Blank, the great scientist."

"But Dr. Blank has never done you any harm, and you agree with his theories."

"True; but it is against the rule for physicians to advertise, and I must get myself before the public somehow."

AN old woman in Cumberland, whose son had just returned from the war after being shut up in Ladysmith during the siege, one day was recounting his adventures and escapes to a lady who had called to see her. Wishing to show her interest the lady said:

"Your son has been in jeopardy, then?"

"Oh, aye," replied the old woman, "me son he's been a deal in foreign lands, and nae doot he'll hae been in that pairt."



They Cannot  
be Redeemed  
till They  
Find £260-  
000,000.

THESE cities are not exactly bankrupt, but in order to raise money for the purpose of prosecuting their local enterprises they have had to mortgage their assets.

Our municipal boroughs are, what is called, marching towards progress, that is to say, they are fast doing away with private enterprises that run the local tramways, the gasworks and the waterworks, and are buying up these businesses and running them on their own account just as ordinary tradesmen.

The profits, if any, are of course put to the credit of the rates, and in those boroughs where a profit is made on the income derived from any of their enterprises the ratepayers are naturally jubilant.

Local indebtedness has increased from £92,000,000 in 1875 to about double that amount in 1885, whilst at the present time it exceeds £260,000,000. So our progressive cities have pawned themselves for that amount, and the pawntickets are in the possession of those money-lending bodies which have advanced the necessary sums in each individual case.

What has become of this capital? It has been invested in waterworks, gas works, markets, tramways, electric light plants, quays, and harbours.

Now, our leading boroughs have been trading for themselves in one or all of the commodities mentioned for the past twenty-five years, and the net practical result, after a quarter of a century's work, seems to be that the income produced by the existing municipal enterprises just pays the working expenses and also the interest and instalments of borrowed capital, and leaves a profit of not more than about one-half per cent. besides.

Municipal trading, then, looks like a failure, and indeed, statisticians say that it is.

The position suggests the following problem: What is the true boundary line which must be maintained between public enterprise carried on at the public cost and at the public risk, and private enterprise carried on by individual traders in partnership or in companies.

It is argued to the effect that as municipal enterprise has gone so far with matters, unless checked it is likely to be carried to an extent that will practically destroy individual effort and enterprise.

The theory of those who advocate the extension of municipal ownership is that if a profit, as we have just said, can be made out of the general supply of some commodity, why should not the community realise that profit itself?

In theory this may be sound, but in practice it would be utterly destructive of individual effort, and a great injustice to the ratepayer.

It must be borne in mind that the general user cannot decide the question of municipal enterprise.

Sir Henry Fowler, a one-time Financial Secretary to the Treasury and afterwards Secretary of State for India, and who, whilst believing in progress, does not pin his faith to modern go-ahead trading boroughs, says: "Take two articles which are in general use, tobacco and beer. It might be urged that public bodies should become manufacturers of those commodities. They would be guardians of the purity of both articles and possibly they might carry them on so as to produce such a profit as would be an advantage to the community where they were located; but if the price was higher than the actual cost, the consumers of these articles would be taxed to the relief of rates for the benefit of those who do not smoke or drink beer."

"If, on the other hand, the prices were lower than the cost price, then the general ratepayers, including these who do not smoke and who do not drink, would be taxed in order to supply cheap tobacco and cheap beer for a section of the community."

This argument, of course, applies to all the things that boroughs trade in.

For one example, why should those who walk, or those who ride some other way, or those who have no occasion to use a tramway, be taxed to relieve those who use such an enterprise? This shows the other side of the picture.

But apart from this view, which is sober and logical, there is yet another feature which, in their haste to buy up local industries for the supposed benefit of the community at large, has been quite overlooked by trading boroughs. Our industrial success as a nation has been attained by individual energy, impelled by the motive of individual ambition and profit, and devoting time and energy to the most minute and continuous superintendence of every detail.

And to these characteristics of individual management must be added the constant discoveries of inventions in machinery, manufacture, materials and distribution, which render such enormous services to the trade of the country.

For humour, tenderness, and great knowledge of life, get "The Master Key," by Florence Warden, price sixpence, at all bookstalls, booksellers, and stationers.

# Who killed James Trent?

## PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS.

**JAMES TRENT.**—A multi-millionaire, who has been mysteriously murdered. He also lived under the name of Jabez Newth, in which character he carried on an extensive business as a moneylender.

**ETHEL TRENT.**—His daughter, in love with Carr.

**LORD DARLINGTON.**—A dissolute peer, to whom Trent had wished to marry Ethel.

**JASPER CARR.**—A rising novelist, in love with Ethel. He had stolen some documents of Newth's to prevent the knowledge of her father's dual identity coming to Ethel's ears.

**CLAYTON CARDWELL.**—Editor of the "Monitor," who has offered £10,000 to the discoverer of the murderer.

**JACK LEWES.**—A dealer in curiosities.

**GERALD WINTER.**—A friend of Carr's.

**GUISEPPE LEE** } Nephews of Zara Lee, known to be  
**DIEGO LEE** } members of an American blackmail-  
**PIETRO LEE** } ing gang, "the Vicinis."

**JEAN VALOIS.**—A San Francisco showman, who was ruined by the Vicinis, upon whom he seeks to avenge himself.

**ZARA LEE.**—A Zingari woman, who claims to be Trent's wife.

**CARMA.**—Zara's niece and Darlington's fiancée.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

### Giuseppe Grows Pressing.

CARDWELL had watched Darlington with something like admiration. The cool audacity of the rascal fascinated him. There is something in courage and endurance that generally arouses admiration, even if that feeling is sometimes mixed with contempt. Not so Carr, who had struggled to his feet, tingling with passion to his finger tips.

"Did you ever hear anything so utterly shameless?" he asked.

Cardwell replied that in a tolerably wide experience of the shady side of life, he had often encountered that kind of thing. Carr seemed utterly at a loss to understand it.

"To me the thing is plain as daylight," Cardwell said. "On the face of it yonder woman is pretty certain to inherit Trent's millions. Even Deerhurst made no attempt to expose that side of the story. And we are pretty certain now that Trent left no will. You don't suppose that Darlington really cares for Miss Trent?"

"Of course not. It is the money that he is after."

"Very well, then. He had so arranged it that he had the young lady's future in his hands. Our sensational disclosures to-day have blocked that game. But it doesn't matter, because, as things turn out, Miss Trent is no heiress at all. Darlington sees a clever way out of the difficulty and takes it. He poses as a noble-minded man prepared to make a great sacrifice for the sake of a departed friend. Then an attack is made upon his character, and, in defence of that immaculate character, he is compelled to speak out. You know the truth and I know the truth, but the public will believe him."

"In preference to a man with a tarnished reputation like myself," Carr said bitterly. "I was not aware that the fellow ever knew Carma Lee."

"Why shouldn't he? Until the death of his father, Darlington had a shady and precarious life abroad. It was made a condition that he should stay out of England. Why, you yourself know the queer company he kept in South America."

Carr nodded. He had quite forgotten that. He had forgotten everything in the desire to solve the mystery of James Trent's death. A good deal had been discovered, a great deal brought out that day; but the manner in which Trent had come to his death was still as dark as ever.

Carr and Cardwell were carried outside by the human stream so that they found themselves presently side by side with Darlington. A twist in the crowd brought Carr jostling up against him. Darlington turned with a sneer.

"You seem eager to speak to me," he said.

"On the contrary," said Carr, "that is a pleasure I could easily deny myself. But since you have suggested it, permit me to say that you are the sorriest blackguard and most pitiful cowardly liar I have had the ill-fortune to meet."

The lash of Carr's great scorn seemed to sting the other like a whip. He wheeled round suddenly and aimed a blow at Carr that glanced from the side of his head and carried away his hat. Before Darlington could recover himself Carr had drawn back. His fist shot out with the force of a catapult and Darlington went crashing to the pavement. By the time that he had staggered to his feet again Carr was out of sight.

"Call me a cab," Darlington said hoarsely. "I'll have that murderous ruffian locked up."

A hansom came rolling along and Darlington staggered into it. For a little time London was no more than a whirling yellow mist before his eyes. By the time that the outwardly solicitous Burton had bathed him and administered a judicious dose of stimulant Darlington avowed that he felt better.

"I am not at home to anybody," he said. "I shall not go out again to-day, Burton."

Burton bowed and withdrew only to reappear a little later with the information that a lady wished to see Lord Darlington and that she would take no denial.

Darlington groaned.

Was it Ethel Trent who had come to—the bare idea

caused him to grow cold. But Ethel Trent would never have thought of anything of the kind.

"Show her up, Burton," Darlington muttered. "I declare I am the most good-natured, unselfish fellow in the world. And don't let her stay long, Burton."

The door opened to admit a slight pleasing figure, a dark smiling face hidden under a thick veil, and Darlington groaned. Then the smiling face was no longer hidden under the thick veil, and Darlington groaned again. But whatever his views on the interview were he showed none of this on his face.

"Isn't this a bit indiscreet of you, Carma?" he said.

"What do I know of discretion?" Carma laughed. "In all this wide world there is no girl better able to take care of herself. And I am going to be rich beyond the dreams of avarice. My dear boy, what have you done to your face?"

Darlington muttered something about an accident. Carma stooped, and touched his forehead tenderly. Whatever might have been his faults Carma loved the scoundrel. She more than suspected that he did not care for her, but she had given her passionate, wayward heart to him, and she could care for no other man this side of the grave.

He had wooed and won her for his own bad ends, for her benefit he had exercised all his most subtle fascinations. Then he had been disposed to cast her aside. There were reasons now why he congratulated himself that he had done nothing of the kind.

She loved him, she would do anything for him, he knew that perfectly. And here she was, a great heiress, ready to fall into his arms. The whole thing read like some fairy romance. Ethel Trent had lost her money, and Carma had claims to a share of it. Naturally, Darlington would have preferred Ethel Trent's millions to Carma's share of them, but that could not be helped. And it would be easy to simulate the old passion for Carma now.

"But you have not told me why you are here, little one," he said caressingly.

Carma laughed happily as she dropped into a chair by his side. She reached for a cigarette, which she smoked in the daintiest possible fashion.

"I came because I could not stay away," she replied. "I was in court and heard what you said about me. There was something about a bothering letter, but I could not understand that. I heard you say that you loved me, and there was no room in the world for any other thought. You were going to give it all up for me."

"A bit of a risk, Carma. I am a poor man, you know."

"You a poor man! What nonsense! Before long Zara will be the mistress of millions, millions! And what can she want with all that money, what could anybody want with it? She will give me a fourth share."

"My dear child, I shouldn't make too sure of that. If she refused—"

"Refused! Zara refuse me that? She dare not!"

Carma rose from her seat and paced up and down the room. Her little red lips were tightly shut, her dark eyes were gleaming. Darlington watched her curiously. If she had something to disclose, she would disclose it in good time.

"Zara is not the woman to be threatened," he said adroitly.

"Who wants to threaten her? But I know—ah, what do I not know? If she refused what I desired I would go and whisper a few little words in a certain person's ear—and—pouf!—away go all the millions into the air—"

She paused abruptly and laughed as she saw the eager expression in Darlington's eyes.

"No matter," she said with the old gay air. "I tell you Zara dare not refuse me over this matter, even if she wanted to. And she does not want to. She—"

Burton crept quietly in with a note, and laid it before his master. Darlington tore off the envelope, and read it with a clouding brow.

"Say I will come and see to it presently," he said. "Now go. Carma, this is from Giuseppe. He wants bail until his trial next week, and commands that I am his surety. Otherwise he threatens all kinds of nasty things."

Carma's face grew deadly pale. There was an unsteady catch in her voice as she replied.

"You must not do anything of the kind," she said with a certain fierce energy. "Giuseppe is your enemy. He has been ever since he knew that I cared for you. And he fancies that he has been used as a tool by us the other day when—"

"For heaven's sake let that matter drop!" Darlington said unsteadily. "Giuseppe—"

"Hates you. If he comes out of gaol now and finds that we are engaged, he will kill you. Oh, I know that you are astonished. I know that Giuseppe does not scowl, and curse, and threaten. He can smile and shake you by the hand. But he hates you with a passion beyond words. Let him do his worst, let him stay yonder. He will be safe for some time."

"He will be pretty safe to get five years," Darlington said grimly.

"Then let him," Carma cried. "Many things may happen before the end of five years. Ignore that letter. Giuseppe will never share his vengeance with another."

Darlington read the letter again, it was to the point. It had no heading and no signature.

"Dog," it ran. "Dog, why am I condemned to lie here while a hound like yourself is at large. They say if I can get a respectable man to go bail for me I am free. You are a respectable man, eh bien, and I command you to come and say the word for me. Then I am free. It will cost you £500, and when the hour of my trial comes I am not there. I have gone off to a climate where the air suits me better."

Also you are rid of me for all time. Is that not a tempting prospect, my good friend. A small price to pay, you say? Then come down and take the iron from my limbs."

Darlington read the letter once more with a faint suggestion of amusement.

"I have a great mind to do it," he said. "I can ill spare the money, but if it meant seeing the last of Giuseppe for all time—"

"But it doesn't," Carma cried. She gripped Darlington's arm fiercely. "He will stay long enough to do you some deadly harm, then he will vanish. Diego is bad, and Pietro is bad, but they are as angels compared with Giuseppe. He has no heart, no feeling, no kind of compassion. He would kill his best friend for a gold coin—he would kill you for the sheer pleasure of doing so. And he loves me."

Darlington shuddered. The thing was getting on his nerves.

"Perhaps you are right," he said. "I had better leave the fellow—"

"In his cage," Carma cried. "He is safe there, he is going to be safe for years to come. And you and I can be happy. I shall be your wife, dearest."

She bent over and kissed him tenderly. It was easy to return a caress like that.

"When all is finished and settled, yes," said Darlington. "But it seems to me that I am going to marry into a singularly remarkable family."

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

### Five Years' Penal Servitude.

PUBLIC interest and public curiosity in the Trent mystery showed no signs of abatement. The death of the millionaire was still as strange and as puzzling as ever. And the circumstances surrounding the whole case were absolutely bewildering. No sooner was one surprise brought to light than another followed quickly on its heels. It was so fascinating, too. Zara was fascinating; then the identity of Newth with Trent, and both men being mixed up with some foreign secret society, only added flavour to the dish.

And now Jasper Carr had got himself mixed up with it in some queer fashion. And on this head the public had a distinct grievance. The further adjourned inquest and the trial of Jasper Carr at the Central Criminal Court were fixed for the same day as was also the trial of Giuseppe Lee for the attempted murder of Jack Lewes.

But here luck interposed. The photographic expert employed to photograph and enlarge that fateful letter had not been able to complete his work in time. Consequently the inquiry into the death of James Trent had been postponed for another three days so that the public could pack the Central Criminal Court with the pleasing knowledge that they were losing nothing elsewhere.

Carr was up early that morning having to surrender himself at ten o'clock. He was prepared for it all now, he was prepared to suffer anything for Ethel's sweet sake. True, he had not succeeded entirely, but he had saved the worst part of a disgraceful exposure.

He ate his breakfast heartily and smoked a cigarette afterwards. How long would it be before he would indulge in the luxury of another cigarette, he wondered. And what would they give him? He did not blind himself to the serious side of the case. Even had it not been for those dreadful bills, the jury were bound to find him guilty. But there was another and a more serious aspect to the affair. And the charge was felony.

Who could have played this scurvy trick upon him and why? Surely, nobody but Darlington. Still, there was no proof of this, and even Darlington could hardly have stooped so low as this. Well, that part of the affair was in Clayton Cardwell's capable hands and he would not rest until he had got to the bottom of it.

Nine o'clock. One more hour of liberty and after that—what? Carr shuddered and the palms of his hands grew moist. He had an interview to go through before he faced the ordeal of the court, an interview to which he looked forward with mingled pleasure and pain. He was to see Ethel first.

He passed on swiftly in the grateful sunshine of the morning, a free man and yet a prisoner. Then he reached his destination and found Ethel awaiting him.

She was comparatively quiet and self-possessed. But there were dark rings under her eyes that told of recent weeping. For a little time she lay silently in the arms of her lover. There were no qualms of conscience about her now. Darlington had set her free. From her pure and innocent point of view he had behaved in a singularly high-minded fashion.

"Dearest," she said presently. "I shall always believe and trust in you."

"Then all the rest of the world matters nothing," Jasper replied. "You know that I was acting for the best, that I had no criminal intent."

"Surely, Jasper, your own idea was to spare me pain."

"I had no other idea, Ethel. My indiscretion was a scoundrel's opportunity. It is too late to go into that matter now. But somebody could throw a light on that mystery. I want you to try and see Gerald Winter, the man for whose sake I had borrowed that money, but for whom I should feel secure of my position to-day. It is a forlorn hope, but he may be able to tell you something. I am afraid the boy has fallen into evil company, otherwise he would not have been so shy of me lately. Give him a helping hand, Ethel."

Ethel nodded with the tears in her eyes.

This noble abnegation on Jasper's part touched her to the soul. Even now he had thoughts for others. Ethel clung to him for a minute, shaken with a passion of tears.

Jasper bent down and kissed her wet eyes tenderly. "You promised me to be brave," he said. "Ah, that is better. I know that I am leaving you alone, but you have more friends than you think of. Besides, there is always hope. I am the victim of a vile conspiracy, but sooner or later the truth will come to light."

Don't confuse it with Black Monday or even Black Friday, or even Shrove Tuesday. Remember it has a name all its own, and an object of its own—which is NINEPENNY MONDAY.

Ethel dried her eyes and smiled faintly. Surely she could be brave while Jasper bore up like this. And the whole miserable business was undertaken for her sake. She would fight this thing out to the end. She was utterly alone save for Jasper, and she must do her utmost to set him free. Once she had him back again the rest did not matter at all.

"I will see Gerald," she said. "I will go and call upon his mother. I fear he is but a poor creature, Jasper, but it may be possible to save him yet. Are you going already?"

She clung to Carr in dismay. Just for a moment it seemed as if she were on the verge of a wild and passionate outburst. Only Carr could see the strain she was undergoing. He held her to him and smiled down into her troubled eyes.

"Dearest," he said, "it will not be for long. I must go now or I shall disgrace myself. And I have been here three-quarters of an hour."

"All that time, Jasper! I thought it was only a few minutes. There, I can smile now. See, I am your own brave girl again, dearest."

"This, then, is the proper moment for departure," Jasper replied. "I want to carry that smile in my mind when I am—when I am elsewhere. My darling, good-bye."

His voice shook with emotion, his kisses were burning on Ethel's lips for a moment and he was gone. And there was nothing before Ethel's eyes but a blinding rain of tears.

The slow day was dragging to a close, there were falling shadows along the river. Ethel sat in the window of her room waiting, waiting, waiting for the news that never seemed to come. Perhaps the case had been adjourned, perhaps the court was sitting late, perhaps—

Ah, here was news at last! A boy coming down the way yelling raucously. "The Newth Robbery Case, Verdict." But he did not say "sentence." Perhaps after all. . . . A minute later and Ethel was in the street. She dropped a florin in the lad's grimy hand and fled without waiting for the change. Her trembling finger touched the electric switch and the room was flooded with light.

Here it was at last. But something caught her eye first. It was the trial of Giuseppe Lee for the attempted murder of Jack Lewes. There was a good deal of it, the last part being cut down. Ethel's eyes just skimmed it till she came to an abrupt end and below it in small capitals she saw the legend: "Verdict, Guilty; Sentence, ten years' penal servitude."

So there was an end of one of the Lee family at all events. Ah, here it was. Her eyes travelled swiftly down the half-column, but she could make nothing of it. The report stopped as abruptly as did that of the other case.

Had the boy deceived her? Surely he had said verdict. But she could see no verdict anywhere. Perhaps the report was continued on the next page. But there was nothing on page two and three. Perhaps page four would contain—

Of course, Ethel recollected that her father always turned to that page where there was usually a long, ghostly white patch called the "fudge," where late City news, betting, and the like was inserted at the last moment. There she might find it.

The paper was all blurred, and grey, and wavy in her hands. She could see two lines only along the white length of the "fudge" column. It might allude to Jasper; on the other hand, it might not have anything to do with him.

But the boy had said "Verdict." Ethel dashed her hand across her eyes, and the wavering print grew steady once again. There it was:

#### "THE NEWTH ROBBERY CASE. FIVE YEARS' PENAL SERVITUDE."

Five years! Five, long, weary years! And all that time for Jasper to—to—  
She fell forward, lost in a black and merciful oblivion.

#### CHAPTER XXXVIII. Behind the Bars.

THE gates of the world seemed to have closed upon Jasper Carr, closed on him for ever. Five years hence he would be free. Five weary years of which only as many minutes had elapsed. To look forward to events five years hence seemed impossible. It was such a stupendous space of time. And yet, looking back for the same period, it was as yesterday. Was it all that while since he had made his first journalistic success? And would it be all that dreary epoch before he was free again?

He felt stupid and dazed like a weary man deprived of his sleep. He was conscious that somebody was calling him. He followed blindly along flagged passages. At any other time he would have resented the curtness of his gaolers; he almost forgot that he stood convicted of a vulgar crime. And, unless the cloud lifted, his whole future would be ruined.

Presently life seemed to come back to him. The dreamy stage had passed away. He was in a railway carriage with two warders and a fellow prisoner without the least idea how he had got there. He must have come across London, but he hadn't the slightest recollection of the fact. He ventured to ask where they were going.

"Scrubby," a warder said gruffly. Jasper asked no further questions for the moment. He could not lapse into that gloomy mood again. He would have faith in Cardwell and the few friends who still believed in him. He must not get despondent. He glanced at the prisoner by his side, wondering where he had seen him before.

Yes, this was interesting, decidedly interesting. That man was one of the Lees—Vicunia, a relative of the woman who claimed to be Mrs. Trent. What could he possibly be doing here? Then it flashed across Jasper's mind. Why,

this was the man who had so murderously assaulted Jack Lewes. Jasper wondered why. Was this some other phase of the Trent affair? Certainly Lewes knew a great deal about it. It was pretty sure that this little man knew more.

He was not much like the typical notion of a criminal. His face was too open and happy for that. He smiled and whistled, he seemed quite at his ease. There was nothing murderous in the gleam of those dark eyes now.

Giuseppe chatted with his warder so far as the latter would respond. Then he begged for a paper, and one was tossed to him more or less contemptuously. Glancing out of the corner of his eye Jasper could see the sheet quite well. He wished that he could assume the ease and happy unconcern of his companion.

Presently he found himself more or less interested in the news of the day. There were a good many personal paragraphs on page four relating to persons known to Jasper, and one of these brought a scornful smile to his lips.

"No great surprise need be caused by the announcement of the engagement between Lord Darlington and Miss Carma Lee, niece of the wealthy Mrs. James Trent. Lord Darlington met his future bride some two years ago in America, where it was a case of love at first sight. Rumour has it that certain misunderstandings parted the fond lovers, but this is happily a thing of the past. Lord Darlington's apparently sensational statement yesterday at the inquest on Mr. James Trent is exactly the kind of explanation one would naturally expect from a nobleman of Lord Darlington's integrity. No marriage will take place until certain outstanding financial matters are settled."

Jasper Carr could not suppress a smile as he read this. For sheer audacity Darlington's conduct would have been hard to beat; but, like most audacious acts, it had succeeded. There was a short rider to the veracious paragraph, but Carr could not read that. The newspaper was shaking in the hands of his fellow prisoner. Carr gave him a quick glance. Then he could realize what manner of man this was when aroused. There was murder in his eyes for a moment, hard resolution on the white face.

After a moment the paper ceased to quiver, and Giuseppe became himself again. Very quietly he drew a pin from the flap of his waistcoat and proceeded to scratch with the point round the absorbing paragraph. Then it was quietly and dexterously removed to the convict's pocket.

Jasper wondered languidly what it all meant. Perhaps jealousy was at the bottom of it. Was this another and further complication of this ghastly complicated business? However, it mattered nothing—nothing mattered for the next five years to come.

Well, he was here at last. Had he been in the prison four days or four centuries? He could understand now why prison life breaks a man down and makes him old before his time. He turned with loathing and disgust from the coarse food put before him, and yet at the same time he was conscious of a ravenous, wolfish hunger. He did not want to do or see anything. He was getting into a low and morbid condition.

And why did those warders treat him as if he were a dog? He was not guilty; anybody might see that he was an innocent man. He could not understand why the other convicts cringed to their gaolers. Most of them looked desperate enough for anything, except Giuseppe Lee, who had once or twice tried to open a conversation with Carr. At first Carr had kept him off haughtily, whereas Giuseppe had smiled. The little man knew far more of this kind of thing than Carr dreamt of.

"You will be glad to hear the sound of any voice before long," he said. "Oh, yes."

And a day or two later it was even as Giuseppe had declared. He would have been pleased to find himself conversing with the greatest scoundrel unhung. They were pounding wearily and doggedly round the exercise yard, Giuseppe hanging behind as usual. A couple of warders out of earshot were watching the dreary file.

"There's going to be what you call a shindy just now," Giuseppe whispered. "Keep close to me. See the big fellow yonder. We are going to help the warders. See?"

So there was going to be a bit of a scrimmage. Carr's blood leapt a little faster. He wondered how Giuseppe had got to know. He had been told that these *fracas* broke out in convict prisons at times but rarely got into the papers.

Carr's quick eye for a man and his moods took in the situation. He could see something like mischief in the face of the big convict whose tramp was somewhat more noisy than usual. A warder called for silence, but most of the prisoners were tramping now. The warder came forward and called the big man out from the rank. He came with a run, striking the warder a smashing blow full in the face. An instant later and both the warders were fighting for their lives. The blood of those wretched men was up now. They were fifty to one. Another moment and murder would be done without doubt.

"Come on," Giuseppe whispered. "Now's our time. It means another grade for us. Good conduct makes better food, more privileges. Come along."

He jumped forward, followed by Carr. The big convict was hammering away at his unconscious victim, the other warder was on the ground. The din was as Bedlam broken loose. Already Carr could hear shouts and the shrill scream of the whistle from other parts of the prison. He caught the big man's foot as it was drawn up for a murderous kick. The big man rasped out a snarling oath and turned on Carr.

Carr was ready for him. He went down with a groan and a thud like a felled ox. Then another convict rushed to take his place. A stone gathered from goodness knows where struck Carr in the face and brought him to his knees. A moment later and it was borne in upon him that he was fighting for his own life as well as the warders.

Giuseppe was in little better case, only he was more agile and elusive than Carr. The whole thing only lasted a few seconds before the door of the exercise yard burst open and two score of armed warders came out at a trot. Carr saw

Giuseppe fall, and then he closed his own eyes to the world for a minute.

"Hold up," somebody was saying. "Egad, that was a plucky thing. I say, Jones, but this fellow's hurt. Give a hand and get him along to the hospital."

When Carr came to himself again he was in the hospital with a couple of bandages over his head. The next bed was occupied by Giuseppe, vain-glorious, but in quite as sorry a case as Carr. They had saved the lives of the warders, and the Governor had expressed himself highly as to their conduct. And it was good to be there in a proper bed eating food again, and reading without restraint.

Giuseppe was on his back reading a paper. Carr had a book, but he was not curious what it was about.

"Don't move," Giuseppe whispered, "and don't pretend to hear me. Go on as if you were reading. I've got something important to say to you."

"All right," Carr replied. "But what can you possibly have to say to me?"

"If anybody was to ask you'd say you were an innocent man, I suppose?"

"Not only should I say so but I should be telling more than the truth."

"Never heard a convict admit anything else," Giuseppe whispered. "You needn't get angry. It is not that I have so much faith in my fellow men, but I believe you. Why, because your voice rings true? Not a bit of it. It is because I know that you are an innocent man."

Carr half-turned before he recollected his companion's injunctions.

"Are you going to prove that?" he asked hoarsely.

"Ah, we never know what we can do till we try. But I am not a philanthropist, Signor Carr. I do nothing for nothing. In future you and I are going to enjoy privileges that are denied to the others. That is why I helped the pig of a warder whom I hate. And then I am going to escape from this place."

"To be captured again to a dead certainty."

"What matter? Give me four and twenty hours of freedom and I ask no more. There is a revenge that burns and scalds me. I smile, but it burns me all the same. And you are going to help me to get free, dear friend."

The incident of the cutting from the paper rose to Carr's mind, and he began to understand. But he discreetly asked no questions on that score.

"So I am going to help you to freedom?" he said.

"Yes, yes, but not for nothing. Nobody does anything for nothing in this wicked world of ours. You shall come along, you shall have a great reward, and I will show you something that you would give years of your life to see."

It was best to humour the man. He was clearly wandering in his mind.

"And what is that?" Carr asked.

"The man who wronged you," Giuseppe whispered freely. "I will show you him. You shall be confronted with the man, and you shall hear the method in which those bills of Newth's found their way into your writing-table drawer."

(To be continued.)

[This story began in P.W. No. 560. Back numbers may be obtained through any newsagent.]

#### FALSE NECKS.

WE have false hair, teeth, noses, and what not, why not false necks?

That is the question which some people, chiefly ladies, have asked themselves, and have answered by adopting the device.

Ladies with spare throats adopt this false neck to improve their personal appearance, instead of appearing "scraggy," to use a common phrase, they look well-proportioned at that point of their anatomy. Others adopt it for reasons of health, they are delicate, and it saves them from colds and worse while indoors, and they need not wrap up in such unbecoming fashion when in the open.

We saw a lady in Paris who was wearing a low-cut dress, a thin piece of tulle just covering the flesh; she had a magnificent diamond collar round her throat. We were afterwards informed that the delicately coloured flesh was wax, that she habitually wore the aid to nature, the collar assisting to hide the deception. This waxen covering cost five or six guineas.

"DOROTHY always begins a novel in the middle."

"What's that for?"

"Why, then she has two problems to be excited over—how the story will end, and how it will begin."

DOCTOR: "Well, sergeant, you've added two more to your score."

Sergeant O'Flattery: "Two, doctor? Oh, lor!"

Doctor: "Yes, both girls."

Sergeant O'Flattery: "Holy smoke! but how can you say it's adding to my score, when it's two mis-  
bedad?"

"BUSINESS has been brisk, this week," remarked the female gipsy fortune-teller to her husband. "To-day I read twelve palms, nine yesterday, and ten the day before."

"Then," he replied, "I suppose these might be referred to as 'palmy days.'"

It was indeed evident that prosperity was at their very doors.

You don't mean to say that you have not read "The Skipper's Wooing," by W. W. Jacobs! It's one of the funniest books of recent times, price sixpence, everywhere.

## HOME FOR LOST MILK CANS.

100,000 Lost, Stolen, or Strayed Milk Cans have Passed Through this Singular Establishment.

It is a fact, no less strange than true, that a milk can, whilst a small thing in itself, is yet capable of big developments in various ways. We refer, of course, to the milk can which is left on your doorstep at an early hour in the morning.

It is not much to gaze upon, but it is computed that there are between 70,000 and 80,000 of it, owned by probably some 6,000 dairymen in London, giving each, on the average, 180 cans, including half-pints, pints, quarts and two quarts, with a few big hand-cans thrown in.

Now these 80,000 cans, provided as they are with neither padlock nor chain to hold them back, have every opportunity given to them of falling into very queer and strange hands.

Left on the doorstep in the morning, they are frequently stolen; emptied of their contents either by you or your maid and put out on the doorstep again, or elsewhere handy—ready for the milkman when he comes round again to your house with the afternoon's milk—they are, sometimes in error and sometimes wilfully, picked up by the wrong milkman.

Some of the milkmen who go round London, P.W. is authoritatively informed, think little of stooping to dishonesty and picking up cans which do not belong to them, and using them in the course of their business, notwithstanding that nearly every can used in the milk business has the name and address of its owner conspicuously displayed upon it.

Before the Can Protection Society, with its home for lost cans, came into existence in April, 1891, the number of missing, or otherwise stolen, cans and milk utensils generally was so great, and the inconvenience it caused to dealers was so severe, that the more respectable of the dealers decided upon forming the Society alluded to.

Since its foundation little or nothing is known by the public of its existence. Yet more than 100,000 cans have been recovered, and duly delivered to their rightful owners, through the agency of the Society and the smartness of its officers, who are scattered all over London, and whose prime duty is to trace lost or stolen milk utensils belonging to the members of the Society.

So successful have been the operations of the detectives of the Society that within a comparatively short period they have secured over seventy police-court convictions.

At the home for lost milk cans may be seen at any hour of the day many hundreds of all kinds of milk utensils, lost, stolen, or strayed, which have found their way to the home in all manner of queer ways.

Some are sent accompanied by a note from a dealer that they were picked up by his employés in mistake, whilst many hundreds are delivered to the home unaccompanied by any information as to who sent them.

The claims sent in by the members are scanned daily by the officers, and the lost cans sorted out from the heaps awaiting identification. You may judge of the work this singular business involves when it is stated that on one day alone 352 cans were sent in from all parts, these belonging to as many different owners. The daily "find" usually varies from 150 to 300 cans.

The 100,000 cans already delivered to their respective owners represent a cash value of nearly £5,000.

The can dues exacted by the rules of the lost milk-can exchange are not exorbitant. For the recovery of one dozen half-pints you pay sixpence; pint cans, ninepence; quarts, one shilling; two quart cans, eighteenpence. But if you be not a member of the exchange then these dues are doubled.

You would hardly think that churns could go astray—those heavy-looking cans you see on railway platforms. But they share the same fate as the tiniest milk cans. They get lost, they stray away mysteriously, and often get stolen.

In five years nearly 3,000 big milk churns have been lost and found by the detectives of the home.

On one occasion complaints had been regularly received from a certain district that the cans were slowly disappearing from rightful ownership causing the milkmen concerned and their customers considerable annoyance. The matter was put in the hands of the officers of the can exchange and they did their best to trace a green-painted milk waggon for a long while, without success.

At last it hove in sight one morning far away from the incriminated spot and at once came under the Secretary's notice, who, after rummaging through the cans on the waggon, discovered that nearly all belonged to other people. He stood them in a row to await the pilfering milkman, and hid himself. The thief, on arriving, was flabbergasted at being thus suddenly confronted with this accumulation of his thefts, and would have believed himself the victim of a divine judgment had not the sudden appearance of the Secretary and some policemen shown him that it was something much more inconvenient and drastic.

## SO WOULD WE.

An old Scotchman took his wife to a concert recently, one of the evening's amusements being an exhibition of the gramophone, which astonished the old lady so much that she exclaimed, greatly to the amusement of those sitting near:

"My fegs! I'd like tae see the size o' the man that's inside that box!"

## AMONG THE PROPHETS.

"How was it you were absent from school yesterday?" asked a teacher, addressing one of his scholars.

"Please, sir," answered the boy, "I had to go on an errand for father."

"But you should have waited till the evening, when school was over," said the teacher kindly.

"I would have," said the boy innocently, "but it rained last night."

## "FREE" WHEELS.

At a noted cycle shop in Birmingham, a card was fixed in the window bearing these words:

"Free wheels fitted here."

A country joskin with an old boneshaker walked into the shop, and said:

"I see you fits free wheels here."

"Yes," said the cycle maker.

"Well," answered the joskin, "as long as you fits them for nothing I will leave the machine and take the old wheel home."

## SIXPENNY DOCTORS.

### PATIENTS WHO CAN'T LIE UP.

In London there are quite a number of medical men who are familiarly known as sixpenny doctors, and clearly so from the fact of their fee for advice and medicine usually being 6d. only.

These particular practitioners do but little visiting, and their consulting rooms are a much frequented rendezvous.

Many queer patients are seen by this branch of the medical profession, notably those who plainly state that they cannot afford to be ill, and the case of a little jobbing shoemaker in Lambeth might be noted by way of illustration.

"Copp'd it."

"Influenza?"

"Yes."

"Three days?"

"Can't afford it."

"Day and a half?"

"Yes, not more—I want to be wound up sharp."

This brief consultation revealed, of course, that the shoe-mender had caught the influenza; that instead of being able to lie up for three days he could spare no longer than thirty-six hours.

Further, his desire to be "wound up sharp" related to a wish which he had previously expressed, to the same doctor, that by giving a double fee of a shilling he, the patient, desired to have the medicine of double strength so as to be "wound up sharp!"

If the sixpenny doctor visits a patient then there is an additional sixpence, but a certain discount in the form of attending for a week, every other day, at a net total of three and sixpence for four days.

Sixpenny doctors are of great service in connection with certificates for the excuse of children too unwell to attend school, and there is in such cases not only medical advice, the usual bottle of medicine, but also a certified statement as to the little patient's health—all for half-a-dozen pennies only.

The large numbers who consult the skilled medical men of moderate fee must enable these physicians of the poor to acquire a particularly wide experience of the ills that flesh is heir to.

Small as their fees are, the sixpenny doctors have patients who fail to pay, and such ungrateful defaulters are usually allowed a grace they so little deserve. It says much for the talent and careful attention of the sixpenny doctors that, although even the greatest of our national hospitals have been associated with what in South African war news is sometimes described as "an unfortunate incident," yet there is never a complaint read of in the Press questioning the treatment of patients at the hands of sixpenny doctors.

The street quacks seek to raid the medical profession in general, but the poor man's medic can ignore such opposition, well knowing that in the hour of sickness the street vendor of nostrums is not sought, and if he were, such services could not be of the value even of his paste diamonds and pewter medals.

## Lessons from the Life of Napoleon.

### No. 9.—Avoid the Inspiration of Cowardice.

NAPOLEON says:

In all battles, a moment occurs when the bravest troops, after having made the greatest efforts, feel inclined to run. That terror proceeds from a want of confidence in their own courage; and it only requires a slight opportunity, a pretence, to restore confidence to them. The art is to give rise to the opportunity, and to invent the pretence. At Arcola, I won the battle with twenty-five horsemen. I seized that moment of lassitude, gave every man a trumpet, and gained the day with this handful. You see that two armies are two bodies which meet and endeavour to frighten each other; a moment of panic occurs, and that moment must be turned to advantage. When a man has been present in many actions, he distinguishes that moment without difficulty; it is as easy as casting up an addition.

There lives—it does not matter where—a man whose name is Jerry Dunne. This man has long been famous for physical courage. It has been said of him that every man who knows him considers him absolutely fearless. Once as a referee in a dogfight Jerry Dunne declared that a dead dog had won the battle. It was so recorded, and bets were settled accordingly, because nobody cared to contradict this particular referee.

The writer makes a habit of interrogating successful people as to their careers, and once asked Mr. Dunne why he had always been victorious in his various encounters. He corroborated the opinion of Napoleon by saying:

"When two men get to fighting, there is always a time when they both want to stop. If you know that you will wait for the other man to stop, and he will never disappoint you. Just don't give in and the other man will."

The wisdom of Napoleon, supplemented by the wisdom of Mr. Jerry Dunne, contains a lesson for all men.

"There is a moment when the bravest troops feel inclined to run."

There is a moment when the hardest fighter feels inclined to stop.

Postpone that moment in your own career. You are not fighting other men physically, but you are fighting conditions. You are fighting the competition of all the men around you.

In every man's life, whatever struggle he may be engaged in, there comes a moment when his courage fails, and, as Napoleon says of his troops, this often comes after making the greatest effort. It often comes, also, just before success. Often you will hear a man or a woman say:

"I have tried and tried, and it is no use."

That man or woman has reached the point which Napoleon mentions when the brave feel like running. You have all heard the old and probably false story of the miner who struggled on from day to day, seeking for gold, and at last threw down his pick in despair, ready to give up. That last despairing blow of the pick uncovered the signs of gold which would make him rich.

Many men fail for lack of that last blow with the pick-axe. Many men fail because they do not know how to inspire themselves as Napoleon inspired the army at Arcola. Napoleon was the soul of the army, he was the army. When he gave the trumpets to his men, and charged, winning the day, he acted as a brave man may do in any moment of despair and hesitancy.

Stir up your courage, shut your teeth, "give trumpets" to your imagination, and resolution, and ambition, and hope, and the other twenty-one motives that inspire us. If you don't give up, you can't lose in the end.

Don't be discouraged, don't despise yourself because you feel downhearted and timid. Remember, "a moment comes when the bravest feel inclined to run." When that moment comes to you, make up your mind that you won't run.

Fight it out, win, and thank Napoleon.

## "SWEATING" BEES.

THE process known as "sweating" is not confined to human beings; it is applied to bees by some up-to-date keepers.

The natural tendency of the bee to work, and its great dislike to idleness is made use of to the fullest extent. Honey is a product that yields a good profit, so the bee-keeper brings the flowers as near as may be to the hive, and induces his insect gatherers to work hard to collect the honey from them.

An expert bee-keeper gives the following idea of what they will do. Seventy-five acres of land planted with white clover or sainfoin will keep one hundred hives busy during the three summer months. The yield of honey for each fine day is 10lb. per acre, and as the plant flowers twice and remains in bloom for a week very often, the total yield is 10,000lb.

Comb making is lighter and less dangerous work than gathering honey, so the young bees usually perform this task; but the keeper wants them all to work, and work hard, so he provides the base of the comb in natural size and pure wax. That leaves less work to be done at home, and the bees go out immediately there is nothing more for them to do inside. The keeper also takes care to constantly empty the combs so that the bees shall always be labouring to fill it.

## MURDERS COMMITTED BY NATURE.

HOW SHE RIVALS PALMER THE POISONER.

DAME NATURE is a wholesale murderer; her crimes are legion. Sometimes she murders whole families; she often attempts to poison whole families, but only succeeds in killing one or two members.

The medical profession has done, and is doing, its best to arrest her, but she still does dozens and dozens to death in ways which the victims hardly suspect. Moreover, she is a crafty murderer, and lays her plans with extraordinary ingenuity.

For instance, some months ago, Nature murdered a man in a manner which, for sheer craftiness, beats anything in the history of crime. She caused a fat and tender rabbit to partake heartily of the common hedge-wed, deadly-nightshade, which, although, as its name implies, is a deadly poison to man, is very tasty and practically harmless to rabbits. Shortly afterwards she caused the rabbit to be eaten in a pie, and the man, who ate very greedily of the pie, died before his illness could be accounted for. Doctors found that he had died of belladonna poisoning, and that the drug was conveyed to him through the rabbit in the pie he had devoured. No scheme for murder was ever more certainly and cleverly laid.

Nature has laid a hundred such traps—has put poison in this and in that thing; has so treated the blood in your veins that you may have every limb cut off without danger to your life and yet may give yourself a fatal scratch with a pin, a scratch you may never see.

Ptomaines is Nature's favourite poison, and you eat it every day. Those who are unusually careless sometimes die from eating this poison which the laws of Nature have rules shall be in every, or nearly every, meat and flesh men eat. When you reject a highly-scented sausage as "high" or "bad," you really mean, though perhaps unconsciously, that it contains what may be a fatal dose of ptomaines. Yet it is often this very poison which makes meats, (venison, for instance, and game) so very delicate and tasty. Those things which are made more tasty by the presence of ptomaines are, however, the things in which the poison is in comparatively small doses and develops only slowly.

Police-constable instinct warns one against those things which contain really large doses of the poison. He tells you that venison and game are pretty safe when they are not nearly so fresh as pork and mackerel, which may be quite poisonous.

And thus he saves many an intended victim of Nature's murderous designs.

Some time ago, as most of our readers will remember, a girl sent a piece of poisoned cake to a sister, believing that she would eat it unsuspectingly, and die. Her plan worked out exactly as she had imagined; and she was hanged for the crime. Nature attempts murder in exactly the same way day after day, but, happily, her schemes mostly miscarry, because, like the three-card trick, they have been exposed again and again to all the world.

Nature throws poisoned shellfish, such as mussels, upon the seashore, where they are gathered for cooking and eating. The poison they contain is more deadly than prussic acid, only the doses are small, so that all but the glutton, for whom Nature has a deadly spite, generally escape, though not always without a painful struggle for life.

The villainous Catherine de Medici is credited with having disposed of one or two of her undesirable relatives by poisoning their gloves, so that, when worn, they poisoned the skin and caused death. Dame Nature improved upon this in the case of a young footballer at Epsom.

He fell while playing football and scratched his face. In four days he was dead. Nature had poisoned the ground where he fell, the poison made its way into his blood by the scratch, and there was no respite for him.

Nature is particularly partial to this method of murder. She has placed fatal germs in the earth, so that when a man falls and cuts himself, he may get the germs into his system, and, perhaps, die of lockjaw; and these germs are particularly numerous in roads—busy, traffic-trodden roads, where the number of possible victims is greatest.

The similarity of the toadstool to the mushroom is another of Nature's death-traps which has claimed many victims, and will yet claim many more; the two fungi are practically identical in superficial construction, yet one is harmless and delicious, and the other is deadly.

The now historic beer-poisoning affair was yet another of Nature's plots against mankind. It occurred in a perfectly natural manner, and the fact that it had not occurred hundreds of times before was due only to the fact that chemists were aware of the hideous device which compelled them to obtain a certain beneficial matter out of matters which were deadly; and they circumvented Nature, until one day, when they were not quite so keenly on the watch, Nature was for once successful, and claimed hundreds of victims.

## A LIBEL ON A PUMPKIN.

LIBELS are not confined to newspapers, but sometimes occur in the most unlikely places.

A Norfolk gentleman, who had quarrelled with his neighbour, bethought himself of a dodge whereby he could vent his spite on his enemy with perfect safety to himself, as he imagined. He grew a pumpkin in his front garden, and when it was quite small he scratched something on it. As it grew larger, passers-by were able to read: "He is a swindler," which was followed by an arrow pointing to the next house. The joke was highly appreciated, and the joker laughed till he had to appear as defendant in a libel action and pay damages.

A solicitor once forgot his legal caution in his annoyance at a client giving him up. On his bill of charges he placed an item: "June 13th—To attending Mr. Blank when his mental condition was such as to render it impossible to discuss business, and so spent much time to no purpose," followed by a really moderate charge. In the action that resulted, the solicitor tried to prove that "mental condition" had no other meaning than that the client was labouring under great excitement, but the jury refused to accept this view, and the damages more than settled the bill of charges.

## "NEVER MIND PAYING."

HOW TRADESMEN SUPPLY FREE OUTFITS.

"Of the making of books there is no end," was once remarked, and with a slight variation it could be equally aptly said, "Of the paying of bills there is no beginning!" At least, so Fashion remarks concerning the votaries who buy clothes at her bidding, and the remark is taken up and echoed and wailed round the counting-houses of the "women-dressing" West End firms.

Why is it that fashionable women have grown to take "unpaid bills" as a matter of course? Why is it that the spirit of "noblesse oblige" has died out, until a woman can unblushingly step into her husband's carriage in a gown for which she is beholden, not to him, but to her tailor, and a hat which is a gift (or theft) from her milliner?

Most women would refuse pretty sharply a wearable gift from a man in their own station, yet wearable gifts "free and unthankful for" from their tailors and milliners are the order of the day. That they are "unthanked-for" merely adds to the breach of good manners.

The county court is the remedy, the sufferers are usually told.

No, it isn't! Or, at best, it is a remarkably bad one. A creditor has only to mention such a possibility, and the lady says severely:

"Very well, I shall tell my friends, and they will withdraw their custom."

She has the whip hand, and she knows it; for the tailor would rather make one bad debt than lose half-a-dozen good customers, so he accepts the situation, and makes her a present of so many pounds' worth of clothes of all kinds, which she accepts and wears.

Often enough, especially in the millinery departments, it is a woman who suffers by the wrong. And, though rightly enough it should go more against the grain to accept clothes as a free gift from a man, on the other hand it ought to be still more repugnant to throw unjust and needless difficulties in the way of a fellow-woman trying, as the heavily-pursed woman has never had to try, to make both ends meet, and herself one of the independent dwellers on the face of the earth.

Why not start a new system of credit whereby every woman signs an acknowledgment for all goods received on credit as a "gift" or a "small tribute of affection from Messrs. So-and-So," on the understanding that unless previously redeemed these delicate memoranda will be posted to the husband not later than the next recurring December 31st?

The New Year's Eve would witness some painful domestic scenes, but the fashionable woman would probably wear fewer clothes of other people's during the following year.

MISS ROMANTIC: "What a lovely summer afternoon! How resplendent the bright orb of day hangs in the blue vault above!"

MR. MATTERFACT: "Y-a-a-s; nice day fer a feller to get his hair cut."

GOVERNESS: "What is a continent?"

No answer.

"Does no one know?"

JOHNNY (aged eight): "I know; it's a place where people go when they are married."

MRS. BINKS: "Ooo! doesn't it make you nervous to have the wind blow so this time of night?"

MR. BINKS: "Why?"

"Just hear the windows! They rattle like everything!"

"Um! It would make me nervous to hear the windows rattle if the wind wasn't blowing."

## RED LETTER DAYS

A Chronicle of Interesting Events that have Happened this Week.

Half-a-crown each will be paid for paragraphs suitable for this column. Attempts must arrive at least three weeks ahead of the dates dealt with. Mark your envelopes "Red Letter."

9th June, 1667.—The recent controversy concerning the unprotected condition of London recalls the incidents of the above and subsequent days. A Dutch fleet, under De Ruyter, attacked and destroyed Sheerness on this day, and then, after a slight attempt on our part to prevent him—such was the poor condition of our naval defences—sailed up the Thames. On the tenth he burnt the guard ships at Chatham, and on that same day, says an old chronicler, the citizens of London heard the roar of an invader's guns for "the first and last time." It is certain that they were thrown into a condition of great anxiety for the safety of the capital and made all possible preparations for its defence; thirteen ships were sunk at Woolwich and others at Blackwall to prevent the Dutch from sailing up to London Bridge, platforms were erected at various places and mounted with artillery to resist the enemy. De Ruyter seems to have deemed it advisable not to proceed farther than Tilbury, he took the ebbing tide and returned to the Nore. After hanging about our coasts for six weeks, he had to return to Holland to assist against the French.

10th June, 1854.—The Crystal Palace, Sydenham, was opened on this date by her late Majesty Queen Victoria. The exhibition building of 1851 having been surrendered to Messrs. Fox and Henderson on December 1st, 1851, the materials were sold for £70,000 to a company, who soon after commenced erecting the Crystal Palace under the direction of Sir Joseph Paxton, Owen Jones, Digby Wyatt, and others. The proposed capital of £500,000, in 100,000 shares of £5 each, was increased in January, 1853, to a million pounds. During the progress of the works as many as 6,400 men were engaged at one time. By the fall of scaffolding twelve men were killed. Napoleon III. visited the Palace in 1855. The exhibition building was called the Crystal Palace by Queen Victoria, hence the name of the present edifice.

11th June, 1860.—A curious form of obstruction took place in the House of Commons on the occasion of a debate on the Reform Bill of 1860. The Government took up the Bill in a very half-hearted way, and some of the Tories began to treat it as a good piece of fun. Several attempts to count out the House did not succeed, till it occurred to somebody that it might be accomplished by a little gentle horse-play. A number of the stoutest members therefore got round and in the door of the lobby, and by sheer physical obstruction prevented members from re-entering the House. Shortly afterwards the Reform Bill was withdrawn by Lord Palmerston.

12th June, 1381.—On this day Wat Tyler, at the head of 100,000 men, commenced their journey to London to protest against the poll-tax, which the chancellor of King Richard II. had ordered to be collected from the people. The amount of the tax was three groats per head on every male and female above fifteen years of age. One of the collectors went to the house of Wat Tyler to collect the tax, and so grossly did he insult a young daughter of the household, that Wat knocked out his brains with a hammer. The neighbours so applauded this act, that they vowed they would stand by him, and in a very short space of time an insurrection spread so rapidly over a very large area that 60,000 men were mustered from the counties round London. As they proceeded they struck terror into the monks and clergy, ransacked the churches and dwellings of the more prosperous of the people, and declared if they were not admitted into London—the bridge was closed against them—they would burn all the suburbs, take London by force, and put every one to death. On the morning of the 15th June the King rode through Smithfield to meet the insurgents at the head of sixty horsemen, and asked them what they wanted; while the King and Wat Tyler were haranguing the Lord Mayor, Sir William Walworth, thrust his sword into Wat Tyler's throat, who expired in a few minutes.

13th June, 1768.—It might perhaps lessen the congested state of our oft-repaired roads if the local authorities were to promote road-mending contests. It would seem that they were not unknown in the early days of macadamising. On this day the new paving began at Temple Bar, when two English paviors undertook to pave more in that day than four Scotchmen. The English, by four o'clock, had got so much ahead that they went into a public-house to refresh themselves, and afterwards returning to their work, beat the North Britons in good style. However, the North Britons have more than had their revenge, for a large number of the most important commercial and other positions in London are held by Scotchmen.

14th June, 1788.—At a levee held this day, a very valuable diamond, of great size and brilliancy, was presented to George III., ostensibly as a gift from the Nizam of the Deccan. But at this time the impeachment of Warren Hastings was going on in Parliament, and it was generally said that this, with other diamonds, was the purchase-money of Hastings' acquittal. Shop windows became filled with caricatures on this subject. One showed the King in a kneeling posture, with his mouth wide open, and Hastings throwing diamonds into it. An Indian juggler in London, who pretended to eat paving-stones, had described himself as "The Great Stone-eater." The caricaturists, improving upon this, represented the King as "The Greatest Stone-eater." A long ballad was sung about the streets, entitled "A Full and True Account of the Wonderful Diamond Presented to the King's Majesty by Warren Hastings, Esq., on Wednesday, 14th of June, 1788."

Make haste and get a copy of "The Phantom-Army," price sixpence. It is the most exciting novel of recent times.

## A CITY THAT WOULD HOLD AUSTRALIA.

### A QUIET SHOUT ABOUT THE BIGNESS OF LONDON.

We are accustomed to talk quietly of London as the largest city of the world, but how many people realise to the full the extent and magnitude of "the huge wen of England," as Lord Rosebery has described our metropolis.

To begin with, the population of London is some six millions of people; that is to say, it boasts more inhabitants than do Australasia, the Canadian Dominion, Portugal, Sweden, Belgium, Greece, Holland, or Roumania combined. In another century, progressing at the same rate of increase as at the present time, London will contain over fourteen millions of people, though in 1791 the population was barely a million.

There are—to take a trivial case, but yet significant—approximately 140,000 factory girls in London; or, in other words, a number equal to the population of Christiania in Sweden.

There are nearly 2,000 miles of streets in London, along which some 11,000 cabs, and 2,000 omnibuses carry eighty millions of passengers a year. In Battersea alone there are seventy miles of streets.

There are towns full of Germans, Italians, and Frenchmen in London, enough Germans to fill Leipzig and enough Frenchmen to fill Brisbane, Australia.

If no wages were to be paid in London for a calendar month, half Europe would be beggared, while the fortune of the ivory-hunters in Africa depends entirely upon one London firm.

You could place all the people of Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg and Rome in London, and there would still be room—providing, of course, that the present population were non-existent.

The people of London eat 400,000 oxen and two and a half millions of sheep per annum, though nothing grows in London but grass and a few deciduous trees and flowers.

If all the rents paid by tenants in London were to be distributed evenly among the entire population, every man, woman, and child would be called upon to pay about £160 a year.

London's gas bill is over £3,000,000 sterling a year.

If the gas-pipes of London were laid out in a continuous line, they would be considerably longer than the River Volga, a distance of 2,216 miles.

Londoners, in fact, are nothing like so conceited as they should be at the colossal magnitude of their dwelling-place.

## THEY MUST WEAR LONG HAIR.

You smile at the vanity of those professional men who wear long hair, but it is not always vanity that dictates the custom; it is more often necessity.

Take a professional violinist or pianist; there are many people who would think him of very little account if he had his hair cut short. That is a fact, although you may be inclined to say that he would be judged by his music, not by what he had on his head. Many agents who provide musicians for parties will tell you that the hostess stipulates that the players must have plenty of hair, and more than one lady has added: "My guests would think they were nobodies if they hadn't!"

It is much the same with an audience in a theatre or hall; people have grown so accustomed to combine long hair with talent that they cannot dissociate the two and they will experience a feeling of resentment if the combination is not present. We know of the case of a really clever and popular violinist whose performance on one particular occasion was received with such coldness that he made some excuse for not completing his programme. He had had his locks shorn!

He: "I have lost a wealthy aunt."

She: "By death?"

He: "No; her niece jilted me."

HUSBAND: "So a palmist once told you that you would meet with a terrible accident during your eighteenth year. I suppose you don't believe now?"

Wife: "I do! It was during my eighteenth year that I met you!"

## WHY SHOULDN'T YOU WIN IT?

THE Editor is in want of really good original anecdotes, and is willing to give contributors fair return for contributing them. By original we do not mean simply reading an anecdote, and then writing it out in a different manner, and still retaining the same idea; the story must be original in every detail.

Each week the best dozen or so will be published, and the sender of each will receive a prize in the shape of a stereoscope or pencil-case, whichever may be chosen. Competitors are requested to state on their attempts the prize they would prefer. In addition to this, the sender of the best story published during June will receive a cheque for £5.

All stories must arrive on postcards addressed to the "Little Story Editor," Pearson's Weekly, 17 and 18 Henrietta Street, Strand, London, W.C.

## HE WAS COUSIN TO HIMSELF.

### WHY THE STAFF WENT OFF THEIR HEADS.

"WANTED.—Three competent men to fill vacancies on the editorial staff of the DAILY DRIVELLER."

The sad circumstances which called out the above advertisement are as follows:

In yesterday's number appeared a notice that a man named Shores had married his stepdaughter, who was also his cousin, being an uncle's daughter by his (Shores's) deceased wife's former marriage. The sub-editor, after reading this item, very thoughtlessly asked: "What relation would the children by this marriage, and their children, sustain to the parents?"

The whole force attempted to solve the problem with terrible results.

"In the first place," said the sub-editor, "the children would be their father's and mother's second cousins, and their grandfather would be their grand-uncle by their father's side, while their grandmother would be their grand-aunt, and also stepmother, as well as their father's wife, hence they'd be their own children—gracious! Twice nothing is nothing and two to carry." And then he tried to stab himself with a bill file.

The chief reporter said: "As he married his wife's daughter, the mother is sister to her own children, and her husband must be their brother-in-law; and if he's their brother-in-law, being also a cousin to his wife, her children are his second cousins, and he must be cousin to her husband, so he's his own cousin, and being his own cousin, he must have been also his cousins and his uncles, and his aunts—and so do his cousins, and his uncles and his aunts—and so do his cousins and his—"

At this point it became necessary to fasten the chief reporter into his chair, where he sits wildly repeating, "and so do his uncles, and his cousins, and his aunts," a hopeless idiot.

Then the editor attacked it, and in two minutes he made the children their own mothers-in-law, and one of them he declared was her own grandmother, besides being her father's great-aunt, after which he was delivered up to the police for safe keeping.

The problem was taken up by the "comps," and in half-an-hour every man was sitting with staring eyes, figuring with his finger on the back of his hand, and vowing Shores had married his great-grandmother without a license, while the printer's devil jumped out of the window under the impression that he was his own ancestor.

# "No"

is the Answer. "The Times" Refuses.  
The "Daily Mail" Cannot Grant One  
Hour's Extension of the Offer.

LET REPLY  
TO BE ADDRESSED TO  
"The Manager"

June 1, 1901

Dear Sir,

I regret to say that we  
cannot grant you an extension of time  
for a renewal of the  
arrangement under which you  
sell "The Times" Reprint of  
THE ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA  
for monthly payments. Our  
contract with Messrs. A. & C.  
Black is itself limited by  
precise restrictions, and I

may recall to your mind the fact  
that when you first suggested  
that the "Daily Mail" should be  
enabled to offer the Encyclo-  
pædia, you were informed that if  
any such arrangement were made it  
must necessarily be of brief  
duration.

Your offer, therefore, must be  
finally withdrawn on June 22nd.

Yours faithfully,  
*The Manager*

THE EDITOR, "DAILY MAIL."

# Final Notice.

Your LAST CHANCE  
to get the "Encyclo-  
pædia Britannica" at  
half price: 5s. first pay-  
ment; then 12s. a month.  
Send this Inquiry Form  
at once. If you delay,  
the former terms will  
again be in force.

The  
"Daily  
Mail."

THE MANAGER, "DAILY MAIL,"  
LONDON, E.C.

I enclose send illustrated Specimen Pages of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," with full details of your half-price offer. Please provisionally reserve a set for me, with the understanding that if you do not hear from me within three days it is to be given to another applicant.

Name.....  
Rank or Occupation.....  
Address.....

YOU see that our half-price offer can never be renewed. There never will be such a chance again; think of it, it is less than 6d. a day. It would be a waste to let such a chance go by.



ISOBEL will be glad to answer questions of general interest upon household matters, so far as space permits. A pretty pencil-case will be given to each reader whose inquiry is dealt with on this page. Envelopes should be marked HOME NOTES.

**When Bottling Gooseberries** or making berry jam, add a small bit of alum dissolved in water to preserve their colour.

**Quantity of Gelatine.** Use more in summer than in winter, or when creams and jellies have to be served in a hot room. The usual allowance is one ounce of gelatine to every quart of fluid.

**Tomato Souffle.** Take some thick tomato pulp, press it through a hair sieve. Season, and mix with it the yolks of two of the stiffly beaten whites of three eggs. Pour into a buttered souffle mould or some small cases, and bake in a very quick oven. Serve immediately.

**On Cleaning Baths.** Wash the paint with a good crystal soap and a flannel, rubbing firmly on all the stains. If the water is hard dissolve a little soda in it and rinse thoroughly after the dirt is removed. A scrubbing brush is not nearly so useful for cleaning a painted bath as a piece of coarse flannel. (Reply to MUCH TROUBLE.)

**Try Chocolate Cheese-cakes** made from my directions. Take one ounce of butter and beat it to a cream with three ounces of sugar. Add one ounce of pounded chocolate, one ounce of ratafia biscuits crumbled, and three eggs. Beat all into a smooth, rich substance, flavour with vanilla essence and use at once. Bake in a very steady oven.

**Respecting Sore Throats.** As you speak of several in one house suffering in this way I strongly advise your having the drains tested, for anything wrong in the drainage quickly causes sore throats. To strengthen the throat sponge the neck and chest night and morning with cold water, adding sea salt to it if possible. Gargle with cold water and take plenty of out of door exercise. (Reply to GZC.)

**Sherbert Powders** will be found very useful people during the summer months. Make them thus: Fourteen and a half ounces of double refined sugar, three and a half ounces of bi-carbonate of soda, twelve grains of powdered orange peel, twelve drops of essence of cedar, sixty drops of oil of orange peel, and four ounces of tartaric acid. Carefully mix all the powders and crush fine then mix quickly, place in a large bottle and cork tightly. About three drachms of this should be added to a tumbler three parts full of cold water.

**It is Astonishing** how quickly the summer seems to come and go. No doubt many mothers have again made up their minds to take their children to the sea-side for their holidays. Of course, the little ones will want to bathe. Now with HOME NOTES this week will be given away the paper pattern of a very comfortable and useful little bathing suit, which may be worn by either a boy or girl, age eight to ten. This garment is quite simple and easy to make, and the small sketch in the margin will show you exactly how it will look when finished. You should obtain a copy of this week's issue as soon as possible, as HOME NOTES has a very large sale, and consequently soon runs out of print.



**For a Scalded Mouth** drink cream slowly. it will be found most soothing.

**Paint and Mortar** may be removed from window panes by rubbing vigorously with hot vinegar.

**Sauce Hollandaise.** Make some good white sauce, and add to it off the fire the yolk of one or two eggs beaten up with a little lemon juice.

**This is how to Revive Black Silk.** Sponge with strong cold tea, into which a little hartshorn or ammonia has been dissolved, then iron on the wrong side with a moderately hot iron. (Reply to BLACKPOOL.)

**Elder Flower Wine.** To every gallon of water put four pounds of sugar, half a pint of elder flowers, and a tablespoonful of yeast. Mix these together and set in a barrel, stir it up every morning for a week, then stop it up close. It will be quite ready to bottle in three weeks.

**The Cleaning of White Felt Hats** at home is quite easy. Make a thick paste of powdered magnesia, or arrowroot, and cold water. Brush this carefully over the hat, and when it is quite dry brush off. Two applications may be necessary if the hat is dirty. (Reply to F. DAVIS.)

**Mildew on Jams** should not appear if the preserve be boiled till it jellies. The pots should be wiped and dried thoroughly before the jam is poured in and when covered be stored in an airy dry place. A cupboard shut into a room with no ventilating holes in it is not a good place for keeping jam. Some people find that if jam is covered, while still hot, with white paper, brushed over with beaten egg, it never gets mouldy. (Reply to PRIMEBOSS.)

**To Remove Paraffin Stains from your Coat.** Dry some carbonate of magnesia in the oven, and mix with it sufficient benzene to form a stiff paste, spread this thickly over the stain and rub with a piece of flannel. Small rolls of earthy matter will form which can be brushed off and more magnesia put on till the benzene has evaporated. (This process will not be suitable for very rough cloth for the magnesia will not be easily removed). When the magnesia is dry brush it off with a stiff brush. (Reply to ADOLPH COHEN.)

**Swiss Roll.** Take a teaspoonful of dried flour and the same quantity of caster sugar, mix with these a teaspoonful of baking powder and a pinch of salt. Stir altogether, break two fresh eggs, add to the flour etc. with a tablespoonful of milk. Beat all together with a wooden spoon for ten minutes. Grease a Yorkshire pudding tin, pour in the mixture, dust in the caster sugar, bake in a very hot oven for seven minutes. Turn out on to a piece of cooking paper, which has some desiccated coconut scattered over it. Spread lightly with a thick preserve and roll with the paper. Set on the sieve till cold. (Reply to CHELTENHAM.)

**Madeira Cakes.** Beat together two ounces of butter and one of castor sugar. When quite smooth add by degrees three and a half ounces of dried flour, mixed with a teaspoonful of baking-powder. Beat up an egg with a third of a cupful of milk and flavour to taste. Add the egg, etc., to the dry ingredients, and beat all for ten minutes. Butter some deep small tins two inches in diameter, place them on baking-sheets and fill three parts with the mixture. Bake in a moderate oven. When they have been in three minutes, place in the middle of each as quickly as possible a glacé cherry and let them finish baking. These ingredients should make about a dozen little cakes. (Reply to CHANT.)

**Ice Cream.** You should get a good machine and follow the directions sent with it for mixing the ice and freezing salt. If you have not particular directions, break the ice small and allow one quart of salt to a bucket of ice. For ice cream must be highly flavoured and sweetened as the freezing process deadens both. The best ice has rich, sweet cream and half a pound of dissolved loaf sugar for each quart of cream. If you do not wish to use cream have a good boiled custard, flavour it, and freeze. The juice of strawberries or raspberries gives a beautiful colour and flavour to ice cream, or about half an ounce of essence to one gallon or to suit the taste. Have the ice for freezing well broken, and add one quart of salt to a bucket of ice. About half an hour's constant stirring with occasional scraping down and beating together will freeze the mixture. When making an ice cream with custard five minutes boiling will be enough, and the sugar should be added after the custard is cooked. (Reply to READER.)

Isobel

## DO HOLIDAY FRIENDSHIPS LEAD TO MARRIAGE?

Yes—and this Article Explains.

An observant amateur statistician made the statement recently to the effect that if a census were taken of all the young people who meet at the seaside, it would be seen that fully ninety per cent. become sweethearts in earnest straightaway, and that at the end of two years seventy-five per cent. marry.

These figures are pretty considerable, but including the untold thousands of young people who patronise the seaside from April till the end of October, and dealing only with those who affect sincerity in their friendship, the figures quoted will not be far out.

Though people more or less complain of boarding-establishments, and it is here the bulk of the young people meet, yet there is much life and amusement always going on indoors, and, better than all else, they are the *vide mecum* of marriageable couples.

The amount of love that is found and lost at the seaside during a season must be tremendous, but so far as the love found is concerned it has usually the right stamp about it. That is to say, there is not, as a rule, any very great disparity in the social position of the lovers, and this is a great feature in the affair of the heart.

People of the same level are generally found staying at the same kind of seaside resort, and at the same type of boarding establishment or hotel, and who the rest of the people are staying there, and what they are, soon looms into evidence by the time the second meal comes round.

The Claudes and the Paulines are soon attracted like moths by the light of their own youth and the frivolity of their tender years, and a flirtation is rapidly commenced.

Indeed, it would not be beside the mark if one wrote that that was the original intention of all the young people on setting out for the seaside—to flirt.

There is no reason why this should not be. To meet a friend of the opposite sex at the seaside, under favourable auspices, is sometimes better than meeting someone casually at the house of a mutual friend.

Two young people living under the same roof at the seaside see and know a great deal of each other, and they soon arrive at the conviction as to whether they think they would like each other for good.

They may have been out together only perhaps for two or three weeks, perhaps only for ten days or a week, but at the end of their holiday they will have seen much of each other and issued their certificate, as it were, to their friends testifying to the fact that they have been in each other's company for nearly every hour of the time.

The total amount of time thus passed during their stay would probably average that spent for the best part of a year under ordinary circumstances at home. One often hears the plaint that seaside acquaintances are not desirable. True, but are undesirables only to be found at the seaside? They are to be found everywhere in every nook, corner, and cranny of the country.

It is mainly the middle class element that flits to the seaside for a few weeks' rest, and its ranks are made up of undoubted desirables, and the succession of this middle-class element is kept up by the agreeable inter-changing of hearts between the younger fledglings. These more often meet at the seaside than anywhere else at any other time of the year.

And as regards the question of meeting what one might call impossibilities at the seaside, surely a young man or girl is of average intelligence capable of choosing between a desirable and undesirable person. The eye and ear are the best judges of a person's probity.

As a matter of fact, some very desirable matches have been brought about through seaside influence. A young professor of chemistry at a Yorkshire college met a Shepherd's Bush young lady at Margate at the beginning of last season, and from a mere flirtation at first their friendship has developed into matrimony.

Last season, too, at Blackpool, the son of a provincial Lord Mayor, an eligible young man in every way, met a lady clerk from Manchester at a well-known boarding-house. Love conquered and this Romeo and Juliet are to be married at the end of the present month.

A governess met the eldest son of a baronet at the Isle of Man last August. Within a few days they had buried all flirtation methods and assumed joyously the role of serious lovers. They are engaged and are to marry in July, and so one day the girl who found her lover at the seaside will be "my lady."

There are thousands of similar cases, all clearly proving that seaside friendship does in the main lead the way to marriage. But having passed the introductory stage, the main idea now is to be careful, and to be satisfied that your new seaside friend is all that prudence calls for.

## What are Your Chances of Success?

Have you succeeded in your trade or profession? If not, perhaps you are working at the wrong business. Your handwriting will tell your natural bent. Send a specimen of your handwriting to—

RANEE,

32 Pearson's Buildings,

Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Enclose six penny stamps and a stamped addressed envelope with each specimen of handwriting.

| 1901. APRIL.                                                             | MAY.                                                                     | JUNE.                                                                    | JULY.                                                                    | AUGUST.                                                                | SEPTEMBER.                                                                 | OCTOBER.                                                          | NOVEMBER.                                                              |
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| M 1 14 21 28<br>T 5 12 19 26<br>W 9 16 23 30<br>T 13 20 27<br>F 17 24 31 | M 1 10 17 24<br>T 5 12 19 26<br>W 9 16 23 30<br>T 13 20 27<br>F 17 24 31 | M 2 9 16 23 30<br>T 6 13 20 27<br>W 10 17 24 31<br>T 14 21 28<br>F 18 25 | M 1 14 21 28<br>T 5 12 19 26<br>W 9 16 23 30<br>T 13 20 27<br>F 17 24 31 | M 4 11 18 25<br>T 8 15 22 29<br>W 12 19 26 31<br>T 16 23 30<br>F 20 27 | M 1 8 15 22 29<br>T 5 12 19 26<br>W 9 16 23 30<br>T 13 20 27<br>F 17 24 31 | M 6 13 20 27<br>T 10 17 24 31<br>W 14 21 28<br>T 18 25<br>F 22 29 | M 3 10 17 24<br>T 7 14 21 28<br>W 11 18 25<br>T 15 22 29<br>F 19 26 31 |

WRITE  
FOR A  
FREE  
SAMPLE  
BOTTLE.

# EDWARDS' "HARLENE" FOR THE HAIR

A  
TRIAL  
COSTS  
YOU  
NOTHING.

## THE GREAT HAIR PRODUCER AND RESTORER.

The Finest Dressing, Specially Prepared and Delicately Perfumed. A Luxury and a Necessity to every Modern Toilet.  
"HARLENE" produces Luxuriant Hair. Prevents it Falling Off and Turning Grey. Unequalled for Promoting the growth of the Beard and Moustache. The World-Renowned Remedy for Baldness. For Preserving, Strengthening, and Rendering the Hair Beautifully Soft, for Removing Scurf, Dandruff, &c., also for Restoring Grey Hair to its Original Colour.

Crown Prince's Palace, Athens, Greece.

### H.R.H. PRINCESS MARIE OF GREECE

writes: "Messrs. Edwards' Preparation, 'Harlene' for the Hair, has given entire satisfaction. H.R.H. wishes six more bottles of 'Harlene' sent as soon as possible."

### H.I.H. THE GRAND DUCHESS GEORGE OF RUSSIA

writes: "Please send at once six bottles of 'Harlene,' the same as formerly sent to H.I.H. when still Princess Marie of Greece."

Kitegyhazo, County Bihor, Hungary.

### COUNTESS DENIS ALMASY

writes: "Please forward me three more bottles 'Harlene,' as I am particularly satisfied with the two bottles sent me to Switzerland, and have been using it ever since."

## A FREE SAMPLE BOTTLE

Will be sent to any person filling up this Form, and enclosing 3d. for carriage. If presented personally at our offices, no charge will be made.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Pearson's Weekly.

## UNDER THE ROYAL PATRONAGE OF

H.M. THE QUEEN OF GREECE.

H.I.H. THE GRAND DUCHESS

GEORGE OF RUSSIA.

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF SPARTA.

H.R.H. PRINCESS HOMENLOHE.

H.R.H. PRINCESS WINDISCHGRAETZ.

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF SPARTA.

H.R.H. PRINCE GEORGE OF GREECE.

H.M. PRINCESS DI SIPINO.

COUNTESS DENIS ALMASY, &c., &c.

Duke of York's Theatre.

### MISS EDNA MAY

writes: "I have used your 'Harlene' for the Hair, and find it a useful dressing, adding vigour to its growth and lustre to its appearance."

Avenue Theatre.

### MRS. BROWN POTTER

writes: "I have used your 'Harlene,' and find it gives the most beautiful results. I consider it a wonderful hair tonic."

Garrick Theatre.

### MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH

writes: "I am very pleased to testify to the excellent qualities of 'Harlene.' It is most refreshing and invigorating, and I have found it very stimulating to the growth of my hair."

"P.S.—I hope fate will never take me to any quarter of the globe where I should be unable to procure 'Harlene.'"

Globe Theatre, London.

### MISS JULIA HEILSON

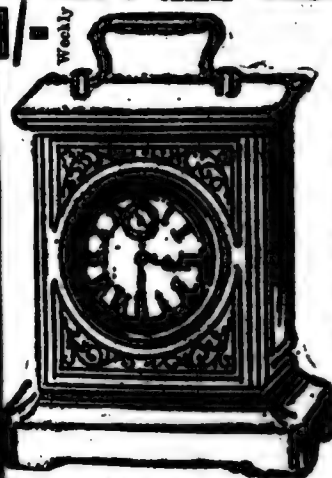
writes: "I am at present trying your 'Harlene' for my hair, and I find it one of the best hair tonics and restorers I have ever used, and I have tried many. Will you kindly send me two more bottles?"



"Mamma, shall I have beautiful long hair like you when I grow up?"  
"Certainly, my dear, if you use Edwards' 'Harlene.'"

1/-, 2/6, and (3 times 2/6 size) 4/6 per Bottle, from Chemists and Stores all over the World, or sent direct on receipt of Postal Orders  
EDWARDS' "HARLENE" CO., 95 & 96 HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

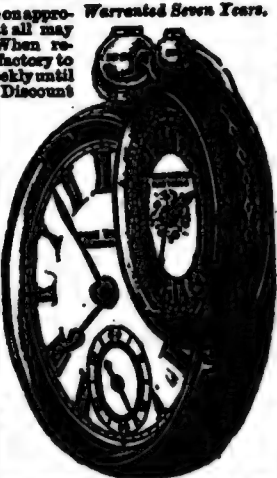
## PAIN'S 1/4 CLOCKS.



over Works. Height, 7 1/2 in.; width, 8 1/2 in.

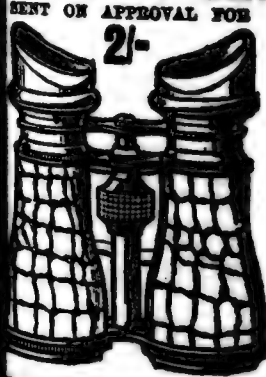
That all may try them, send post free, on approval, for 2/-, When received, if satisfactory to you, send 1/- Weekly until 15/- is paid; 1/6 Discount for Cash, or for balance in 7 days, making cash price 12/6 only. THE WEST-MINSTER Chinese Clock, Chimes 3, 6, and 9 hours, and plays pretty tune at hour. Real Nickel Brass Embossed Case, Glass Panels at sides, through which are seen the Real

## PAIN'S WATCHES. 2/-



Send Post Free on approval for 2/-, that all may test them. When received, if satisfactory to you, send 1/- weekly until 20/- is paid. 3/- Discount for full Cash with order or balance within 7 days, making Cash price 17/- only. THE "TIMES" Gent's Keyless or Key-wind Watch. Massive Silver Hall-Marked Case. Fully Jewelled, all Latest Improvements. 30/- THE "TIMES" Lady's Keyless or Key-wind Watch. Handsomely Engraved Hall-Marked Silver Case. Fully Jewelled, all Latest Improvements, 30/- only.

## PAIN'S GLASSES.

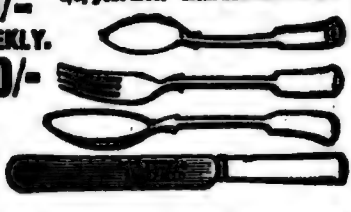


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Sir CHAS. A. CAMERON, C.B., M.D.,  
Ex-President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland.

USED IN THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL NURSERY.

A pencil-case will be awarded to each person whose letter is dealt with on this page, or whose suggestion for a title is used.

**ALTHOUGH** an announcement was printed in P.W. a few weeks ago, to the effect that in future the paper would be published on Fridays instead of Saturdays, there are a few readers who cannot understand why the insurance coupon is available only until midnight on Friday instead of until midnight on Saturday. The reason, of course, is obvious. Under the old arrangement readers were given an opportunity of carrying either one of two issues of the paper during the whole of Saturday; while under the new order of things they may do so on Friday. In order to avoid confusion and unnecessary overlapping of dates, the paper bears the date of the Thursday following the Friday on which it is published. It is therefore current for one week, as before.

**DRIVER A.W.** writes from Rawal Pindi to ask me to settle a dispute between himself and some of his comrades. The problem is this: Two men of equal staying power set out to walk a long distance. One takes short "pit-pat" steps, and the other long strides. Which will be most fatigued at the end of the journey?——— I am a little surprised at soldiers discussing a question which has been settled by every civilised army in the world. Other things being equal, a long, swinging stride takes far less out of a man on the march than a short, jerky one. In the first place there is actually less muscular exertion in covering the same ground, and, in the second, fewer nerve impulses have to be sent from the brain to the muscles. Finally, the swing of the long stride renders the weight of the equipment less burdensome. This was one of the secrets of the marvellous marching by the German infantry during the Franco-Prussian war, and since then French soldiers have been trained to take as long a stride as their height will permit.

**F. H. writes:** "I have been married sixteen years, and during that time my husband and I have never once written to each other, for the very good reason that we have never been separated. Is this at all singular; I should like to know?" — So should I.

G. G. wants to know all about Stradivarii and his violins. I am afraid I can only oblige him in part, as the full details would occupy many columns of P.W. Antonio Stradivarii was born at Cremona in 1644, and died in 1737. He was a pupil of Nicolo, and is generally admitted to be the greatest violin maker that ever lived. The value of these instruments depends upon extreme skill in selecting the materials and putting the different parts together. The object, of course, is to secure the highest possible acoustic properties. This is the reason why "Strads" command such enormous prices. One of them was sold at Stuttgart for £2,050. It consisted of seventy parts, and the cost of the materials originally was about 4s. 6d. In other words, it was the "know how" that cost the money.

F. G. asks me to decide an astronomical discussion between himself and a friend. Are there four or five stars in the Southern Cross?—Both are right and both are wrong. Four principal stars form the Southern Cross as seen by the naked eye, but within the quadrangle which these make there is another which can be seen on a clear night. When, however, the telescope is turned upon this group you find no fewer than a hundred and ten stars in it, red and orange and green and blue and other tints. In fact Sir John Herschel said that they have the effect "of a casket of variously coloured precious stones."

## AN OFFER TO VILLAGE LIBRARIES.

It is not every village library which can boast a complete set of Sir Walter Scott's novels. Those who require them may obtain them free of charge from this office under the following conditions: During the month of June we shall offer four complete sets of Sir Walter Scott's novels (each in twenty-five volumes) which will be presented to the library of the village which is responsible for the largest amount of money collected for the FRESH AIR FUND. The first step to be taken by those who wish to improve the library stock is for them to apply to the Secretary, FRESH AIR FUND, for collecting sheets, which will be sent on receipt of a postcard. At the top of the collecting sheet should be written the words, "For — Library," and friends in the village should then be canvassed for donations. If you feel sufficiently interested to obtain two or three lists, you could possibly induce one or two of your friends to also collect a few subscriptions. Individuals who don't wish to collect, but who are willing to subscribe, should clearly state on a slip of paper accompanying their contribution the name of the library they wish to benefit. The collector of every amount over a pound will receive a gold-plated pencil-case. Closing date for the first four sets of Scott's novels is Saturday, June 29th.

**PEDLAR** has to know if there is any truth in the statement that red has a similar effect on human beings to what it has on a bull. He has heard that where girls worked in rooms, the windows of which were of red glass, they developed very bad tempers, which vanished when white glass was substituted. He rather believes in this theory, because recently his wife, who, he assures me, is one of the most amiable women he ever knew until comparatively recently, went in for a red dressing gown, with the result that whenever she wears it she gets irritable. "**Pedlar**" is anxious to know if his theory is correct.——If it were so, I am afraid that the readers of **P.W.** generally would be very bad-tempered people, because the cover of **P.W.** is red. The walls of the little apartment in which your poor old Editor drags out his existence are papered (owing to lack of funds) with covers of *Pearson's Weekly*, and the little opening which does service for a window, being devoid of glass, has a cover pasted over it to keep out the flies. No more docile and even-tempered old gentleman ever breathed ("Don't you believe him."—**OFFICE BOY**)—he is, both at home and at the office, as gentle as a lamb—as every visitor who has seen him will admit. No, **PEDLAR**, I do not think your theory will hold water.

**SERGEANT**, who is with the Field Force in South Africa, wants to know if the Colonial competitions are open to soldiers at the front. The expression "Colonial Competition" is merely used for convenience. Every Britisher residing abroad, whether Colonial born or not, is entitled to enter for these competitions, and I hope that soldiers at the front will carry off some of the prizes.

H. W. G. writes: "What is the correct way of wearing one's serviette? I always lay it across my knees, and I notice at restaurants that some people tuck it under their chins, and others tuck it in between the buttons of their waistcoats."———There is one correct way of wearing a serviette, and that is the method you adopt, namely, laying it across your knees. You can almost tell a man's nationality by the way he wears his serviette. Both the Frenchman and the Italian invariably tuck the cloth under their chin, while the German and Austrian, as well as the Russian, wear it like a baby's bib. The Britisher frequently shoves the end of it into his waistcoat, or puts two ends into his waistcoat pockets. By-the-way, you may be interested to know that if you are lunching or dining out there is no necessity for you to fold up your serviette when the meal is over; simply lay it alongside your plate on the table. When at home, you roll it up and put it in the ring yourself.

**J. H.** asks a somewhat complicated question. Suppose you fire a cannon ball from west to east in the direction of the earth's rotation, would it travel faster than a ball fired from the same gun in the contrary direction? —

The question is an old acquaintance, but as I have never seen a complete answer to it I will try to give something like one. Suppose the shot is fired along the equator, and the ball has a velocity of two thousand feet a second. Whether it is fired west or east it will pass over exactly the same amount of the earth's surface and at the same speed. But this is not its only motion. Going eastward it will travel a thousand miles an hour faster, and going westward it will travel a thousand miles an hour slower as regards the earth's daily motion round its axis. But, again, the earth on its eternal journey round the sun travels about sixty-eight thousand miles in the opposite direction, wherefore the ball, fired westward, is travelling, with regard to the sun, sixty-seven thousand miles an hour faster than the other. Even this is not all the trouble that J. H. has raised by his innocent-seeming question, for the sun itself with all its attendant planets is also whirling through space towards a point in the constellation of Hercules, and in every second of earth-time the whole system travels from four to five miles—and the suns of Hercules are themselves travelling at unknown speeds towards points which human eyes have never seen. Just here we begin to see that the poor little cannon ball with its small pace of two thousand feet a second east or west really presents a problem that the greatest of human intellects would wisely let alone.

**J. S. L.** is a worker by electric arc light and complains that the effect on his eyes is getting serious, and wants to know if there is anything he can do to counteract the harm.—I believe that yellow and yellowish-green glasses are good things to wear. They do not, however, add to a man's attractiveness.

A HUGE amount of interest exists throughout the country on the subject of picture post-cards, and we have pleasure in giving readers an opportunity of securing a number of these absolutely free of cost. Every sum of ninepence or more subscribed to the FRESH AIR FUND will on and after Monday, June 17th, be acknowledged on a picture post-card. These post-cards are beautifully got up by Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons, and are eligible for their £1,000 competition. The cards which will be sent are not aggressive advertisements of the FRESH AIR FUND or of P.W., yet they bear designs which render them unique—that is to say, similar ones cannot be obtained in shops. Some of them will be coloured; others will be in charming tints. Every subscription will be also acknowledged in *Pearson's Weekly*.

**WHAT** a capital list we have to show this week! The collections are distinctly good, and speak well for the solid practical interest which certain good folk take in the scheme. One of the happiest ideas was that of Miss Nellie Maude, who organised a concert in Upper Clapton, which resulted in the FRESH AIR FUND becoming £10 the richer. If any other lady reader cares to entertain the idea of getting up a concert on behalf of the FRESH AIR FUND, I shall be glad if she will communicate with the Secretary, from whom particulars may be obtained regarding handbills and other printed matter.

Amount previously acknowledged, \$389 18<sup>00</sup> 3<sup>00</sup> d.

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 Jackie Douglas, 3s.; J. H. O., 21. Mrs. L. B., 2s. 6d.; Four Friends,  
 per H. R. D., 3s. 3d.; Jenni, Griffith, 2s.; A Stingers' World-War,  
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 broke, 4d.; Readers of the "WATCHDOG WORLD," 2s.; A. M. M., 1s. 6d.;  
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 try Lad, 2s.; E. J. Mills, 6d.; E. E. C., 2s. 3d.; E. Betty, 1s.; S. E. C.  
 R., 11s. 2d.; For M. G.'s Sate, 4s. 6d.; Charlie and Dorothy, 10s. 6d.;  
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 riders, 1s. 3d.; Mrs. Watkins, 5s.; H. C. Trimmell, 10s.; W. Spittle-  
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 Jack, 1s.; E. Watkins, 4s. 6d.; Anon., 2s.; Sheffelder, 5s.; Anon.  
 (Blackpool), 2s. 6d.; Telegram, 6d.; D. H. Barnes, 7s. 6d.; A. T., 1s.  
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 1s. 6d.; Lance-Corporal Newgill, 4s. 6d.; Josells, 2s. 3d.; W. Turham  
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 Mrs. E. Chambers, 2s. 6d.; R. F., 5s.; J. S., 5s.; Lance-Corporal  
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 A. Friend, 210; Bob, 1s.; J. F. Fraser, 1s.; Mrs. H. C. Miller, 41 s.  
 W. Bohson, 4d.; W. Davies, 41 s.; J. Haron, 41 s.; A. C. Cobb, 2s.;  
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 M. Burt, 1s. 1d.; Sybil Love, 1s.; Marjorie Daw, 2s. 6d.;  
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D. Waller, 12a. 32.; Sergeants' Mess, 20th E. D., per J. Sumner, 12a. 32.;  
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32 10a.; Sergeants' Mess, 45th E. D. Derby, per J. Hunt, 18a. 3d.;  
Result of Concert by Miss N. Maude at St. Matthews Parish Hall, 11b;  
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Nurses and Lorna's Bazaar, 21f 12a. 9d.; Alice and Missie Sothern,  
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**Sign the Coupon on the Front Page.**

**475 INSURANCE CLAIMS HAVE BEEN PAID.**

*(Including one of a Thousand Pounds.)*  
This Insurance holds good for any number of claims to the extent of **£2,000**—not for one only. **£2,000** specially guaranteed by the OCEAN ACCIDENT and GUARANTEE CORPORATION LIMITED, 40, 42, and 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C. 4, to whom notice of claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address. Insurance ticket, applicable to passenger trains in Great Britain and Ireland, issued under section 88 of the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act, 1890.

**£2,000** will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger (including holders of season and excursion tickets, and post-office officials in any of the railway sorting vans, and railway servants travelling with passengers in an ordinary carriage), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on the back of the paper in which it is, with his, or her, name and signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided at the foot. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the same is signed.

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Subscribers who have duly paid a twelve-months' subscription, or for FRANKSON'S WEEKLY in advance to their newsgagent, or to the Publisher, need not, during the period covered by their subscription, sign the coupon, or carry the paper on their person. It is only necessary to forward the newsgagent's receipt to the publisher of the paper, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and a certificate will be sent in exchange.

The above conditions are the essence of the contract. This insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company Limited, Act," 1880, Bk. No. 3 and 2.

The Purchase of this Publication is admitted to be the best mode of procuring the Premium under Sect. 34 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket of this paper in respect of the same Act.

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Printed by HENRICH COX, Printer's Buildings, E.C., and Published by C. ARNOLD FRANKLIN LTD., at FRANKLIN'S Weekly Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

What was "The Skipper's Wooing"? It isn't a riddle, but the name of an irresistibly ludicrous story by W. W. Jacobs, just published in sixpenny form.

## THE POOR MAN'S RACE-HORSE.

### DOGS THAT RACE FOR PRIZES.

Of dogs that have their day the whippet has of late found a remarkably wide popularity, and even become recognised as a society pet.

And yet for many years this slim little animal—a cross between a greyhound and a terrier—was hardly known except amongst the pitmen and certain other workers in the north.

Possessed of remarkably great speed, and displaying a natural delight in running, the whippets became to their humble masters what the thoroughbred is to the turf owner, and so found the oft-quoted name of "the poor man's racehorse."

A most satisfactory feature in the training and matches of this branch of sport is that there is neither killing nor any form of cruelty attached thereto. A towel, cloth, or such like object that can be readily waved, or shaken, at the finishing point of the run best suffices to inspire the fleet little animal to exert every muscle in literally "flying" to the goal.

Whippet handicaps usually range from seventy to one hundred and twenty yards, and are now popular attractions in London and many of the great provincial centres. The prizes vary from 24 to 2s.

The entrance fee for these handicaps is invariably a shilling, and at the same time are handed in such particulars as "the colour, sex, name, weight, and late abode." There is a great similarity, at least to the ordinary eye, in whippets generally, but with a correctly filled-in entry the fanciers concerned are rarely deceived by having a dog "planted" upon them.

During the racing at whippet meetings there is quite an extraordinary noise. This arises from the hallooing, whistling, and other like noises of the partisans, in their endeavours to excite their dogs.

The animals are first of all held in leash, and then slipped to the winning point.

Women often take a practical part in whippet handicaps—there are at least half-a-dozen who race their dogs in London—whilst a fair maid of Kent, with several very special little animals, is a recognised expert in this novel branch of sport.

There can be no speed contests at which the finishes are closer than in whippet events, it invariably being invariably being a difference of inches only at the post, whilst not seldom the result is a dead heat.

There is one particular ground in London where whippet handicaps are generally decided upon Sunday mornings, but in the East End Saturday afternoon finds most favour for such events.

## Result of the "Disguise" Competition.

The first prize of £5 has been awarded to Miss M. Sekon, of The Upper Farm, Aston-on-Corran, near Tewkesbury.

Second to sixth prizes, a Set of Sir W. Scott's Novels:

E. Matthews, Albion Road, Willenhall; S. Lidgett, Leamore Lane, Blorwich, near Walsall; A. Turner, 9 Lower Lichfield Street, Willenhall, Staffs; M. Mackenzie, 42 Garfield Street, Bootle, Liverpool; H. A. Symonds, P. O. Brentwood, Essex.

Seventh to thirty-first prizes, a Handsomely-bound Novel:

F. G. Kent, 25 Sharnett Street, Kennington Park, S.E.; J. Tuckwell, 11 Commins Road, Polaloe Park, Exeter; H. Thorpe, 8 Bedford Road, Horsham, Sussex; E. T. French, 36 Dixon Road, Crosshill, Glasgow; R. Thomson, 5 W. Montgomery Place, Edinburgh; W. McCallum, 91 N. Frederick Street, Glasgow; G. Ward, 9 Bloom Grove, West Norwood, S.E.; P. Wright, 4 Belvedere Terrace, Bishop Auckland; J. Sutherland, 93 Albert Street, Edinburgh; H. Williams, 22 Courtney Road, Drayton Park, N.; A. Clark, 70 Elbury Buildings, Fimble, S.W.; F. Nicholls, 25 Southgate Road, N.; J. H. Bouse, 9 Osborne Road, Altrincham; W. Parker, 13 Kangley Bridge Road, Lower Sydenham; E. F. Campbell, 61 Breasmish Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne; E. W. Durrant, 37 Clarence Road, Clapton, N.E.; H. Hooks, co. J. Hooks, New Eastwood, Eastwood, Notts; W. G. Munden, 33 Franklin Road, New Brompton, Kent; F. Dorey, Hawarden House, Keynsham, near Bristol; J. Hayes, 13 St. James' Street, Liverpool; J. Lake, 3 Branford Road, Norwich; E. Brook, Belmont Hill, St. Albans; O. W. Thomas, 33 Barbara Street, Westbourne Road, Barnsbury, N.; Thomas Stead, 4 Studley Terrace, Leopold Street, Leeds.

A consolation prize has been awarded to P. de la Roche, of 7 Charlemont Avenue, Kingstown, Ireland, whose attempt, though slightly incorrect, was most artistically decorated.

Below we give the correct solutions, which will be easily recognised as being Chamberlain, Baden-Powell, and President McKinley.



## Result of the "Bradshaw" Competition.

The winner of the guinea prize in this competition is Mr. G. K. Stubbs, of 64 Forbes Street, West Gorton, Manchester, whose attempt will be sent on application.

## REPUBLICS WHICH USE ENGLISH STEAMSHIPS AS GUNBOATS.

### THE STately END OF SOME OLD TRADING VESSELS.

ALL countries cannot be rich, neither can all countries have just what they want. To use an old stereotyped phrase, some of them have to govern themselves according to their circumstances. Several Republics have found it much cheaper to buy old steamships for gunboats than have new ones built. In fact, for some Republics to pay for a gunboat what the leading nations have to pay, would practically mean their bankruptcy.

The Republic of Hayti is using as gunboats two old steamships, which, in years gone by, were employed in carrying the mails, passengers and cargo between Liverpool and West Indian ports. They were sold to the Haytian Government by the English steamship company which owned them. A P.W. man had occasion to be on one of them some time ago, when he met the then President of Hayti (Hyppolite) on board.

But he noticed that very few alterations had been made. A few cannon had been placed on either side of the two uppermost decks, and holes made for the mouth of the cannon to be inserted. That was all. But the negro crew and the commandant thought the world of their "battleship," as they proudly called it.

The other steamship, also fitted out as a gunboat, is likewise used for coasting between the different ports of the Republic, for the purpose of defence, and also in conveying the President and heads of departments of the Government from one port to another.

San Domingo, another Republic, which adjoins Hayti, also uses as a gunboat an old steamship which was purchased from the same English firm that sold two of their fleet to the Haytian Republic. These two Republics have never been on very friendly terms. Up to fifteen years ago they had no gunboats. Now they have two each.

The Honduras Republic has one gunboat, which was formerly an old steamship owned by a Liverpool firm. An explosion occurred on board a few years ago, when some of the crew were killed, and considerable damage was done to the vessel.

Yet another Republic possesses an English steamship as a gunboat—Nicaragua. For years this boat was employed in carrying cargo between English and Central American ports before she was put to her present use.

They were, in each case, bought for a few thousand pounds, and they answer the purposes to which they are put, but they look comical alongside of a real gunboat.

# CORPULENCY AND THE CURE

By F. C. RUSSELL.

## DANGERS OF OBESITY EXTRAORDINARILY SUCCESSFUL TREATMENT.

A great authority on corpulency, its causes and its cure, calls attention to certain vital facts which all of us who are inclined to undue stoutness would do well to ponder over with the utmost seriousness. Obesity is not merely an unwelcome and uncomely physical development; it is a grave menace to health. An accumulation of fat may occur upon the muscles of the heart or around the kidneys, and persons in this condition are extremely liable to have these vital organs impaired, whereby disaster is invited. Mr. F. Cecil Russell, the well-known specialist, from whose book, "Corpulency and the Cure," we glean our facts, says: "Those who suffer from polyseria omentis, that is an accumulation of abdominal subcutaneous fat, sometimes several inches in depth, carry also an enormous weight of fat around the internal organs, and are prone to the complaints known as fatty degeneration of the heart and liver." How may this state of things be remedied? Mr. Russell shows us this way. By the author's treatment we may positively lose two stone in about a month, with the greatest possible benefit in health and strength, muscle and brain. Paradoxical as it may seem, the process of reduction is accompanied by increase of appetite and greater digestive activity, so that whilst more food is required and vigour and vitality are thereby

increased, the body grows less and less in weight to the extent of from 1lb. to 2lb. a day, as the test of the weighing machine will demonstrate. The treatment is absolutely harmless, and involves no discomfort or inconvenience, no irritating restrictions, no weakening cathartics. It is an unquestioned and unquestionable success, and the author, who has devoted years of study to the subject, guarantees a noticeable reduction within 24 hours of commencing the treatment, which aims at the very root of obesity, so that the superfluous fat does not return when the treatment is discontinued. To judge from the records of nearly a thousand cases in which the patients themselves have testified in writing to the marvellous effects of the regimen, Mr. Russell is to be heartily congratulated upon the practical results of his study and research. We advise our readers to call the attention of stout friends to this, because, sincerely, we think they ought to know. For their information we may say that on sending 2d. in stamps, the book "Corpulency and the Cure" (256 pages), containing a reprint of Press notices from some hundreds of medical and other journals—British and foreign—and other interesting particulars, including the "recipe," can be had (post free) from Mr. F. C. Russell, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.

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# "RUSSELL" TREATMENT



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In order that corpulent readers of Pearson's Weekly may have an opportunity of testing the marvellous efficacy of the compound which forms the basis of the "Russell" treatment, IT HAS BEEN DECIDED TO SET APART A CERTAIN NUMBER OF SPECIALLY PREPARED 6s. CASES to be distributed for the NOMINAL SUM of 2/6 amongst the earliest applicants sending to the address below postal orders for 2s. 6d., together with the Coupon here given.

Full directions for following the treatment will accompany each test case; also F. C. Russell's well-known book "Corpulency and the Cure," 256 pages. The whole will be forwarded, carriage paid, to the applicants in the British Isles. This exceptional offer remains open for 21 days from the date printed on the Coupon.

In the event of the number of cases set aside for this purpose being insufficient to supply all demands, unsuccessful applicants will have their remittances returned immediately. If, on the other hand, any reserve cases remain after the expiry of the 21 days, the Coupon shall be valid until such time as the number is exhausted.

Send Coupon and remittance, under envelope marked "Reserve," to F. Cecil Russell, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C. The packing is devoid of any marks denoting contents. Readers who are fortunate enough not to require the treatment would oblige by handing this announcement and Coupon to some stout friend to whom the special offer will be of interest.

NEW SERIAL FOR LADY READERS.

## THE "CAT'S PAW."

By Mrs. Croker.

## CHAPTER I.

## PAST AND FUTURE.

THE gale had abated and the Bay of Biscay was two hundred miles astern, when a fellow passenger and myself emerged from our narrow quarters, in order to breathe a different atmosphere.

There we sat, in the end of the saloon, this New Year's Day, shivering and huddled up in wraps. Within, we had a full view of three narrow tables—defended by fiddles—and a series of long-suffering swinging lamps. Without were the hungry seas, which hurried vainly in our wake. There was not a sail, a smoke-stack, or even a Mother Carey's chicken to be seen.

I glanced at my companion; it was the first time I had had an opportunity of realising her appearance, although we had passed days in the same cabin. She was about forty—a truly venerable age in the opinion of one-and-twenty—and evidently made no attempt to struggle with time. Certainly Mrs. Evans owed nothing to her dress—a new but ill-made blue serge, and a hideous ginger-coloured shawl. Her abundant dark hair was carelessly gathered back from a broad low brow, beneath which beamed a pair of deep-set, clever eyes. These, with an ugly nose and a large but well-cut mouth, conveyed the impression of a strong face, and a personality that attracted me, and I came to the conclusion that my chaperone was a woman whom I could both like and trust.

We had met for the first time the evening the *Smyrna* left Tilbury for Bombay, and bad weather had hitherto prevented our improving the acquaintance. There were no convivial opportunities in a four-berth cabin with the dead-lights on. I had been consigned to the care of Mrs. Evans. She was the cousin of a friend's friend—truly a slender connection on which to urge a favour; but my aunt had no acquaintances who hailed from the Far East, and people who have been to India are accustomed to helping the merest strangers. Hence the present situation, and we had yet to take one another's measure, and discover if we were likely to coalesce—or otherwise.

My companion was staring out on the tumbling seas that raced after us, with fixed, unseeing gaze; her thoughts were far away. Suddenly she heaved a profound sigh, gave her head a little shake, and looked at me interrogatively.

"Yes," she admitted with a smile, "I was lost in thought. I was thinking how quickly the years fly after one passes thirty. Here is another first of January, and the last one seems to have occurred about a month ago."

"Then time must indeed have flown," I rejoined, for to me the last twelve months had lagged with leaden feet.

"Nothing flies faster than one's return ticket to Bombay. I have been at home with my chicks, now I'm going back to my good man. That is the bane of India—divided families. Have you been making good resolutions this first of January?"

I smiled, and shook my head.

"I see!" and she paused significantly. "I have been thinking of the past, you of the future. Alas! all my best days are behind me, whilst yours are yet to come. My dear," suddenly leaning forward and taking my hand, "I wish you a very happy New Year."

"Thank you," I responded. "I return your wish with interest."

"A most important year for you," she resumed. "Of course, I know all about it. You look rather sad and serious, child, when you ought to be a picture of radiant happiness. You are one-and-twenty, fair to see, a capital sailor, and going to be married to the man you love."

"That is just it. I am not sure if I do love him," I answered, with unexpected candour. The words had escaped from my lips almost in spite of myself. "Out of a full heart the mouth speaketh"; and during the last four days, when I lay prone in my berth—in deference to the advice of the mother stewardess—I had had ample time to review my feelings, to consider my position, and to sit in judgment on my own acts. "And yet he is my sheet-anchor; I have no one else to look to in all the wide world. But why should I trouble you with my affairs?"

"Why not?"—sitting more erect, and considering me steadily with her deep, searching eyes. "Am I not your chaperone—your mother for the voyage? You are low and homo-sick, which is even worse than being sea-sick. You miss a kind aunt and cousins, and are situated precisely like Mahomet's coffin. You have left them—you have yet to reach him. For my part, I always think a good talk clears one's brain and moral atmosphere. You have been weaving foolish fancies and cobwebs for lack of something to do; for in such weather you could neither read, nor stand, or even see. Tell me what has happened to you? You looked so bright and cheery the evening you came on board."

"I suppose it is being cooped up in a little dark cabin, and having nothing to do but meditate," I admitted with a sigh.

"And you prefer action? Now, my dear child, tell me your troubles—chiefly imaginary, I should say. Come, confide your perplexities as if you were my own Milly, and let me see if I can help you. You have no mother, I know."

"No," she died when I was quite a little thing," I answered. "I cannot even remember her. My uncle, Mr. Beverly, adopted me, and treated me as one of his own

children; he had three. My aunt, too, was very good to me. The only one to whom I was unwelcome was Emma, the nurse. You see I was not a Beverly."

"No," she replied, with a faint smile; "only a Ferrara. Well, go on."

"I must say I had a happy childhood. Linda and Julia are older than I, but Tom and I are the same age, and we were inseparable companions. We played cricket and hockey, and fished, and ran with the beagles; indeed, I ran wild until I was fifteen, and then it suddenly occurred to uncle to send me to school."

"Yes, and quite time, too," remarked my listener, with emphasis.

"I went to Munich, and there I remained five years—not because Aunt Lucy wished to banish me, but because my uncle died. That was my first grief. He left his affairs in dreadful confusion. He had been trustee for someone who turned out badly, and he was obliged to make up a large sum; and as he had never saved a penny, he was ruined."

"Then when I came home from Germany as a grown-up girl, and revisited old friends, Mrs. Thorold, Watty's mother, noticed me a good deal. The first Sunday I was in church, I remember that she stared at me so fixedly that I felt quite uncomfortable. Whenever I looked up I always met her eyes. She has since told that she took a fancy to me on the spot."

"And was it mutual?"

"I don't know; well, no. My cousins were always abusing her. They said she was an odious, underhand, scheming woman, who had married off her daughters, put her sons out in the world, and never did anything without a motive. But then, I believe, their troubles had soured them."

"Very possibly," agreed Mrs. Evans dryly.

"And Linda said horrible things of old friends and other girls, and the Thorolds had gone up, and the Beverlys gone down. At any rate, they are quite fond of Mrs. Thorold now."

"Oh, what a comfort for Mrs. Thorold!" said my listener sarcastically.

"She, they admitted, had no possible motive in being kind to me, for I had no social position, no interests, and no money. Her daughters were married, and she frequently asked me over to spend a day at the Court, and I took my work—art embroidery—and went. I helped her with her knitting, and arranged flowers and answered notes. She was continually talking about her children, especially of Walter, her favourite son. She used to give me little messages from him and read me choice bits of his letters. Then he wrote me a line for my birthday, and somehow our correspondence began and grew like a snowball."

"Ah!" exclaimed my companion, expressively; "that's the rôle of love-letters."

"But I wrote just as I would to Tom, who was in South Africa, and I shall never forget my surprise when, one evening as I was strolling down the avenue, Mrs. Thorold told me that Watty had seen my photograph in a hockey group, and had fallen desperately in love with me. My breath was literally taken away; I felt almost hysterical, and could do nothing but scream with laughter. At last I assured his mother that it was merely a joke on his part; but she was serious, and even indignant. The next morning Mrs. Thorold came early and asked to see Aunt Lucy alone, and they remained together in solemn conclave for an hour; and at dinner that day I noticed that Aunt Lucy looked at me frequently, as if she saw something odd about me."

"The two old ladies had talked it over and were agreed. What was the next step?" inquired Mrs. Evans.

"There was no next step, but somehow it began to be whispered that there was an old understanding between Watty Thorold and myself—a boy-and-girl attachment. I tried hard to silence it, but it was everywhere—in the air, in Mrs. Thorold's manner, in my cousins' eyes. They became much more affectionate."

"And then?" said Mrs. Evans, sinking her voice to a half-whisper.

"Then I received a letter from Walter—oh, such a beautiful letter!—asking me to be his wife."

"And what did you say, my dear?"

"Nothing whatever, but other people said a great deal. They seemed to think it was an extraordinary chance for me—most wonderful good luck. There were such hordes of girls and old maids in the neighbourhood, and the race of eligible bachelors was extinct. Aunt Lucy did not press the subject, but Linda was eloquently urgent, and Mrs. Thorold came over one day and talked for an hour, holding my hand all the time, and never taking her eyes from my face. I believe she hypnotised me with her eyes, and her low, clear voice, speaking only for my good. Then Emma, the nurse, stole into my room one night, and laid the matter plainly before me. She was a religious woman, and she had made my future the subject of prayer. Here was her answer."

"My poor child!" ejaculated Mrs. Evans, "how you were beset on all sides!"

"It seemed that Aunt Lucy had received an excellent offer for the Manor—in short, a fancy price. She had heard of a nice flat with three bedrooms and a studio, but there was no room for more than the family. So I was to marry Walter because my aunt's flat was short of a room."

"How ridiculous!"

"Yes, to you; but there was nothing comic about the grey-haired woman, who was turning me out of the domestic nest. I was an encumbrance, a cuckoo, and she made me feel it always."

"Odious old creature!" cried Mrs. Evans. "I detect these ancient retainers—I mean other people's ancient retainers."

"I felt as if Linda, Emma, Mrs. Thorold, and the solid force of public opinion were pushing me over the edge of a precipice, and I was clinging on frantically with both hands."

"Yes, and so you were."

"But I was sentimental—in fact, am sentimental; I was flattered. I would have a home—my own, own home; and I always longed to see India. It was true that Watty was only a tea-planter's assistant, and that our career would be the reverse of brilliant; but then, I had never been accustomed to balls and amusements. I was fond of outdoor pursuits; I was young and strong. Watty was a good son—a good son makes a good husband, and I had known him all my life."

"Yes; and on the other hand?" asked Mrs. Evans softly.

"Well, on the other hand, not one whisper of love or shadow of love-making had ever passed between us. We had not met for nearly six years. It was a cold-blooded, heartless proceeding to cross the world in order to become the wife of a man to whom I was almost a stranger—who, were we to meet unexpectedly, would probably pass me in the street; for I had grown three inches, I had put my hair up, since we last met. There I shivered on the brink, on mail day, half inclined to say 'yes'—for his letters were delightful—other days firmly determined to say 'no.' At last I received Watty's photograph, and I'm afraid you will despise me when I tell you that it turned the scale. In other words, I ceased to cling to the precipice. I let go. I fell in love with his face, and I said 'yes.'"

"My dear, what a leap in the dark!" exclaimed Mrs. Evans. "Would you mind allowing me to see this important photograph, for I am a firm believer in physiognomy?"

"It is in my cabin," I answered; "and I will show it to you to-morrow with pleasure, but there is no light now."

"By the time you have found it, kissed it, and brought it here, I shall have light. Go now, my dear, and humour me, for I feel as if I could not rest until I have seen this man's picture."

I rose at once—the electric light was being turned on—and went over to our cabin, where I soon unearthed my treasure in its blue morocco case.

Then I came back and joined Mrs. Evans, who was seated at a table close to a lamp. Her lips were slightly parted, and her eyes shone with anticipation, as she held out her hand for the photograph.

Without a word, I solemnly placed the morocco case in Mrs. Evans' hand, and sat down to await her verdict with some suspense and a certain amount of triumphant expectancy, for it was a fine, strong, noble face which had stormed my heart and conquered all misgivings.

My chaperone contemplated the portrait for a long time, and then looked at me with a grave expression in her dark eyes.

I nodded my head impatiently. Had I not been waiting for her opinion for five minutes by the clock?

"I think you have drawn a great prize in life's lottery. You are one of Fortune's favourites."

I leaned forward eagerly in order to listen to this word-music.

"Yes"—rapping the cardboard with her forefinger—"this man, to judge by his face, is conscientious, hard-working, and honourable. He is constant, though not very tender; his love is to be relied on."

Here I believe I drew a long breath of relief, and she continued, now glancing at me and then at Walter:

"He is fastidious, reticent, but open and frank with those he loves. He is capable of a deep attachment, but critical and not easily moved to admiration. He is ambitious and strong-willed. He has brains. Altogether a most interesting face;" and she set up the photograph against her work-basket. "And, oh yes," she added, with a laugh, "last but not least, he is handsome."

At all this praise I felt myself blushing with pleasure, and experiencing some of the importance and satisfaction of being engaged.

"Your friend, his mother, must have written glowing accounts of you," continued Mrs. Evans, "for he"—pointing to the photograph—"is not a man to take a leap in the dark."

"No; Watty was always rather cautious," I admitted.

"But he was never the least bit critical."

"Possibly not, but he has changed in the six years; after one-and-twenty a boy becomes a man. He looks old for his age."

"Yes," I assented, "he always did. He has altered a good deal, and—so have I. I hope I shall not disappoint him."

"No," she answered, considering me meditatively. "don't think you will, my dear. I believe you will suit."

Not long after this, I awoke one morning early to find that we were swinging at anchor in Bombay Harbour. As

A penny a day for one week (Sunday excluded) will purchase a copy of a splendid novel "The Master Key," by Florence Warden.

my companions were still sound asleep, I dressed noiselessly and hurried up on deck. There was the wide bay, the islands, the palms, the long rows of white buildings, and the motley collection of shipping and boats.

Over all there lay a soft golden haze; the glamour of the East had already touched me. Here was India. The mere name thrilled my imagination. Viewed from the sea, it appeared to be a land of promise, romance, and enchantment. I leant my elbows on the rail, and gazed, wondering wistfully, would I be happy there?

I had the deck almost to myself, but by the time the great clock on shore chimed eight, the ship was all alive and full of the bustle of departure. The quarantine officer had come and gone; our letters had arrived. They were laid out on a table in the saloon, and two were for me.

Of these one was from Walter. I tore it open as soon as I got out of the crowd. The writing was shaky—alarmingly so. No, he had not been able to manage to get away; he had had a bad go of fever, but hoped to be at Bareda as soon as I arrived there. His cousin, Tizzie Hassall, was longing to receive me. The other was a mere line from Linda, inclosing a small account, which had been overlooked. This had travelled via Brindisi, and consequently reached Bombay before me, and so, instead of being welcomed by Walter Thorold, I was met by a little bill!

"Where is he? Has he come?" inquired Mrs. Evans, laying her hand on my shoulder. "I have kept well in the background, my dear, and have been getting my belongings together. Now you must introduce me, if you please."

"I would with pleasure," I replied, struggling hard to seem unconcerned, "but I have had a letter to say that Walter has had fever, and could not travel, but will meet me at Bareda."

"Ah, those tea estates are often feverish, but nothing to be alarmed about. Then you and I will be together as far as Basaul Junction. I am sorry I am not going the whole way; but you will only have about ten hours alone."

How my heart sank at the prospect!

"Our train starts at four," she continued, "and we shall just have time to have tiffin comfortably at Watson's. Come now, keep up your spirits."

Mrs. Evans and I got into a little Victoria drawn by a long-tailed Arab, and drove about Bombay. What a gay bustling city! What vivid colours, and glowing sunshine! Life seemed so much brighter here than in Clayshire.

By four o'clock we were steaming out of the station towards Parel, passing low-lying, picturesque villages, bazaars, clumps of palms, and inlets of the sea. It was moonlight when we began to ascend the great Bhor Gant. We sat at the window, staring down upon those dark mysterious precipices, and as time went on we talked—talked till late—face to face in the silver moonlight, which was almost as bright as day.

"I believe I must have come under your father's fascination unawares," said Mrs. Evans, "though I never lost my heart to him. Still, he had a haunting personality, and I feel drawn to his girl. You are like him in a way, and I cannot bear to think of you alone and friendless in this immense strange country—alone, except for young Thorold. Oh, how much depends on him, dear—all your young life! may he deserve your trust; but if I am a judge of faces, he is a good man."

"Yes, I hope so—I think so," I faltered, with a sustaining remembrance of his letters.

"For a friendless girl, I can imagine no place more awful than this vast country. In England she has resources; she can go into an office, become a typist, or governess, or paint, or write. Here there are no openings. She must just drift and drift till she comes to want, or worse. And for a pretty girl, what temptations!"

"Oh, Mrs. Evans, what a Cassandra you are!"

"No, no, my dear; but the society of the East is movable—here to-day, gone to-morrow. No one has a settled home."

"But I shall be settled," I protested. "Watty has sent me a photograph of our bungalow; it is lovely—all covered with roses, and standing above the tea-gardens. I shall have a home."

"Yes, dear, and, I hope, a happy one; and you are not the sort of girl to be tighty and flirting and foolish if susceptible young planters come and burn incense to your pretty face. Be good, use your influence for the best, and never go against your conscience. Conscience is the voice of God."

"Yes, I believe that."

"May you be truly happy, and share your happiness with others! You will write to me, won't you?"

"Of course; I shall be only too glad. You will be my only correspondent."

"And if—please do not be offended—by the hundredth part of a chance your Walter is not what you believed him to be, if you feel honestly that you do not love him, do not be hurried into a marriage. Wait; come to me. Will you promise?"

"Thank you, dear Mrs. Evans, I will."

"We are quiet, hum-drum people, you know, but I am sure you would like Robbie, and feel yourself at home; and you could be our deputy daughter until you made your mind up, or arranged your plans."

"How kind you are! how good you have been to me!" I took her hand and kissed it fervently.

The next morning I was alone.

When we arrived at the station I was met by a Hindoo servant, who brought a note of apology from Mrs. Hassall. She had an important engagement, and could not get out of it.

Well, there was nothing for it but to point out my luggage, and to place myself and belongings in the care of Mrs. Hassall's right hand. In a wonderfully short time we were rattling away in a conveyance drawn by two ponies, and called a gharri. So now I was really launched at last. Thanks to the steamer, rail, and this ramshackle vehicle, I should soon be at my journey's end.

We drove along through what gave me the impression of a great park intersected with broad white roads, with here and there a thatched house blinking from a deep veranda. I saw no evidence of a town or even a bazaar, yet this was Busabad cantonment. Once we had cleared the station, we passed many people driving in carriages and dog-carts. Their lights flashed by like enormous yellow eyes.

It appeared a very long time until we turned into a gate, thundered up a drive, and came to a full stop under the porch of a long, low house—an impressive Eastern residence. The veranda was matted, and displayed chairs, screens, a quantity of palms, all lit up by pretty coloured lamps.

A bearded servant sauntered down the steps and salaamed to me, and a wiry little woman with strange earrings and nose-rings accosted me in broken English, took charge of my dressing-bag, and preceded me into the bungalow. First of all we went into a passage; passed a lofty dining-room, where the table was laid with a profusion of flowers and silver; finally into a bedroom, which displayed a vast expanse of matting, a few chairs, a small mosquito-net veiled cot.

"Mem sahib gone club bag, Miss sahib," explained my attendant, setting down my bag. "Big Tamasha, but soon—soon coming."

Then she went out and gave some direction in shrill Hindostani, and my boxes promptly appeared. Meanwhile I removed my hat, and handed her my keys. I felt utterly desolate in this great strange house, among this silent horde of servants. However, I swallowed down my feelings, and began to unpack and dress.

"Burra khana" (big dinner), announced the ayah, as she unfolded my best white evening gown with obvious respect, and laid it out on a cane lounge. She was wonderfully deft and handy. Anima, she informed me, was her name.

Then Anima brushed my hair, shook out my travelling-dress, and thanks to her aid, I was completely dressed and unpacked in about an hour's time.

There being nothing more to do, I graciously dismissed her, and sat down in order to enjoy my own company. My heart was heavy, my mind full of misgivings. Was this the sort of reception to offer a guest who had come alone all the way from home to marry a near relative? Or was I huffy and sensitive, and expecting too much? Perhaps there was a different code of manners out in India. Perhaps I had made myself cheap. Perhaps—perhaps—Here I felt that I was going to cry. How terrible! I must exert all my self-control now that I was on the threshold of a great event.

I knelt down by the side of a chair, all dressed in my best, and endeavoured to frame a little prayer. I had been in the train for two days. I had not said my prayers that morning; I would say them now. I buried my face between my hands, and I prayed that Walter might be what I desired; that I might be what he expected; that we might both be happy; that I might learn to do what was right among all these strangers; and—there was a slight noise as of curtain-rings being sharply pushed aside, the sound of a quick footstep—not barefoot. I lifted my head and looked up.

A smartly dressed woman, with dark eyes, and a wide, smiling mouth, was standing over me. And I was still on my knees!

I must confess that I felt at a sore disadvantage, as I struggled to my feet and confronted my strange hostess.

"Oh, my dear Miss Ferrars," she at once began, in a voluble key, "I am so glad to see you!"—here she gave my cheek a peck. "I have been at a Badminton tournament, and am sorry to be late; but surely you are not preparing to retire for the night?" and her little dark eyes twinkled mischievously.

"Oh, no," I faltered. "I was saying my prayers."

"Do you always say them before dinner?"

"No, but this morning I was travelling, and—"

"Oh, you good, good girl!" she interrupted. "I hope you have been making yourself at home?" she continued, as she turned and seated herself in a deep wicker chair, and her small searching eyes scanned me narrowly, as I stood, still ill at ease, in the middle of the room.

"Yes, thank you," I replied, finding my tongue at last.

"How is Walter, and where shall I see him?"

"My dear, he has been rather seedy—nothing serious; just a touch of local fever—and he feels a bit pulled down. He was not able to go to Bombay, but he will be here to-morrow; indeed, he may come at any hour, and when he arrives, I am confident that the sight of you will completely restore him."

Was Mrs. Hassall making fun of me or not? It was impossible to see her face, as she was in the act of removing her hat—a dainty affair covered with nodding roses, and exactly matching her pretty cotton gown.

"Had you a good passage?" she continued—"nice people, and all that sort of thing?"

"Yes, thank you."

"By the way, you are not the least like what I expected," a puzzled look came into her eyes.

"Am I not?" I answered; "but then, I have no idea of what you did expect."

"Well, more of a country mouse, or a bread-and-butter miss, you know."

"A bread-and-butter miss would be most suitable to a tea estate," I said, "and I think I am rather in that style."

"Not a bit of it. You are much more stimulating than bread and scrape. I can see that you have ideas; that you can not only hold up your head, but hold your own, also you know how to dress your hair, and put on your clothes. That is a charming white frock—one of the trousseau, of course? I like those lace sleeves and the long train. I shall get my dirzee to look at it to-morrow."

"Of course, with pleasure," I murmured, granting a permission which was not required.

"You might have put on a tea-gown—only you don't look a tea-gown girl," and she patted my arm with two

fingers. "There are two or three men coming to dinner, and after dinner we are all going on to a ball at the club."

"But I need not go, need I?" I protested anxiously.

"No, not if you are not keen. You are a little strange and afraid of us all, but you will soon get used to us and our funny ways," she answered indulgently.

I felt certain that I should never get used to her and her pitiless little eyes and hard face.

"You said—that, perhaps, Walter might come," I ventured.

"Oh, dear me, yes! He is one of those uncomfortable people who turn up when least expected, and never when they are wanted. I did not mean that, of course. He is not staying here; we have no room. His cousin Maxwell is taking him in. You have heard of Max?"

"No; who is he?"

"Why, he is our family star. Not heard of Maxwell Thorold? Immensely clever, a rising civilian, a little tin god, and a hardened bachelor."

"Oh, is he?" I answered indifferently.

"He is a dear fellow, and so generous to Watty always. He has given the house linen, glass, lamps, and crockery. I chose them."

Somehow, this announcement roused my ire, and in a manner unaccountable even to myself, I was seized with an immediate prejudice against this paragon, this dear fellow who had endowed us with our lamps and crockery, and been so "generous" to Watty.

"Mrs. Hassall," I said, "would you mind very much if I did not dine? You have company, you are all going to a ball, and I should be so glad if you would allow me to have something in here."

"Not dine?" she echoed. "What! waste that lovely frock on the desert air of my spare room? My dear, it is out of the question. They are all gasping to see you—only two ladies and four men; I always take my own supply to dances. And you know that a bride-elect is naturally the heroine of the hour."

I was sensible of a cold shudder as she spoke. Six expectant strangers, all gasping to see me!

"And you are not to call me Mrs. Hassall, but Tizzie, short for Elizabeth. I shall be your cousin in a week. Well, now, I must run away and get into my tea-gown—I put on my war-paint after dinner; and whatever you do, do not play me the trick of undressing and going to bed."

She rose, shook her fist at me playfully, and in another moment I saw the nodding roses and the smart pink skirt disappear behind the purlah.

After a gay dinner with the Hassalls, who were joined by a party of ladies and officers, the latter set out for a ball, leaving me alone under the plea of fatigue.

As soon as I heard the gay voices cease, and the calcade roll away, I returned to the piano. I felt that it was my only sympathetic friend, and that I had never wanted a friend and confidante so much.

I think I must have been playing for nearly an hour; the little silver clock struck ten. I had calmed and soothed myself into a dreamy and serene frame of mind, and was about to close the instrument, when I heard footsteps outside—a quick firm footfall; it went up the steps; it came steadily along the matted veranda.

He had arrived; it was Walter at last! I listened with an expectation that was painful in its intensity—listened to the footfall of my approaching fate. The Japanese bead curtain quickly twinkled aside, and a sonorous voice announced, "Thorold Sahib."

Yes, it was he. We were far apart at the opposite ends of the vast room, and I advanced slowly from my dim retreat into the space which came within the radius of the rose-shaded lamps, to meet the original of the photograph.

"Walter!" I murmured, half under my breath; and then I came to a full stop. He seemed so—so constrained and surprised. Yes, his eyes expressed unlimited amazement—and was it admiration? Of course, Walter saw me greatly changed. I was no longer a tom-boy, but a grown-up young lady, with my locks becomingly arranged, wearing a picturesque white gown, and a Moorish necklet (which had been my mother's). I could see myself, tall and white, reflected in a mirror. But why did he not speak? Only a few seconds had elapsed since the bearer announced "Thorold Sahib," and the time seemed an age. Suddenly he approached within two or three yards.

"Miss Ferrars, I conclude?" he said; and then I realised that—yes—this man was a stranger! He was older, darker, taller than my fiancé—the firm glance of his eye, the strong lines of the mouth, the calm assurance of bearing, had never been Walter's.

"I am afraid I represent a great disappointment," he resumed in a full, clear voice, as he displayed the telegram; and then added with a smile, "you were expecting someone else—my cousin Walter."

I stretched out my hand and grasped the back of the chair, for I was trembling from head to foot.

"I am really extremely sorry," he went on. "I see you are upset, but he will be here to-morrow by the"—glancing at the telegram in his hand—"11.20. He is going to stay with me, you know."

This, then, was the little tin god! This, too, was the man I had come out to marry! Older looking than the photograph—for the lines in the forehead had been carefully erased—older than Walter by five or six years; but it was the same fine, noble face which had captivated me. How could I ever have imagined that Walter would grow like him? And yet there was a resemblance between the cousins.

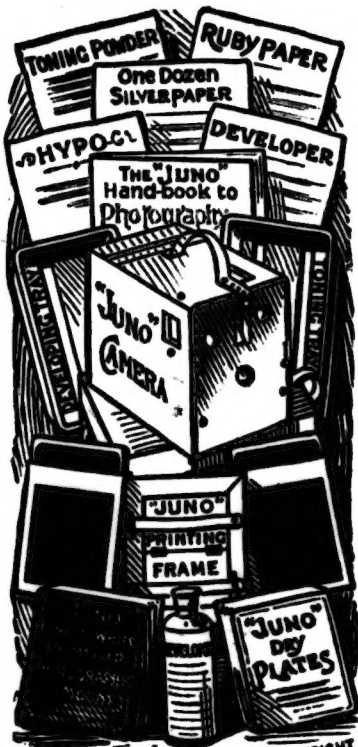
I retreated several steps, and moved towards the piano. My first instinct was to seek the shadows, where I could escape from the proximity of those dark questioning eyes. Oh, if he should guess the truth, that I, Pamela Ferrars, had crossed the sea to marry him, and not his cousin Walter!

This is an abridged instalment of the new serial romance which begins in the *Lady's Magazine* (6d.) now on sale. If you wish to read of the further adventures of the unfortunate girl who was lured from England to India by means of a false photograph, you should get a copy at once.

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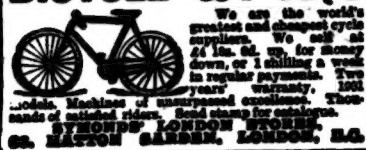
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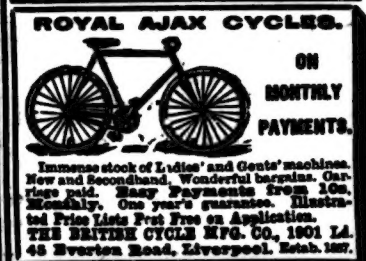
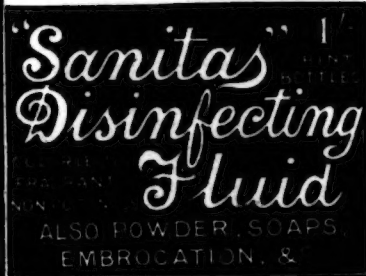
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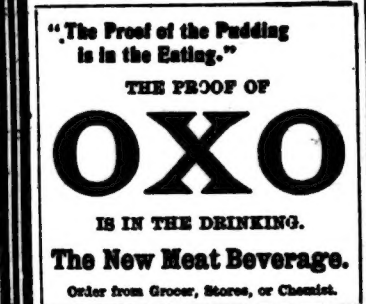
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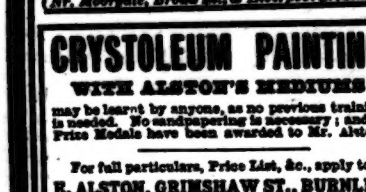
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card we will at once post you the jewellery. When sold send us  
the 15/6 received for same, and we will at once send you, ABSOL-  
UTELY FREE, either of the above valuable presents.  
A written guarantee for ten years accompanies each watch.  
**FREE**—For selling 7 articles should you already  
have a Gold Watch or Bangle, you need  
only sell 7 articles to get, ABSOLUTELY FREE,  
our SOLID GOLD BANGLE, set with REAL  
DIAMONDS and other Stones, or our GENT'S  
SOLID SILVER WATCH CHAIN and  
PENDANT.  
**FREE**—For selling 3 articles. We  
will make you a present of  
our GOLD TIME KEEPER,  
guaranteed to keep correct time  
for 5 years, even though you  
only sell 3 articles. We do not  
keep you waiting.  
**FREE**  
£2.  
The party selling the 3  
articles in the shortest time is  
entitled to 2 Sovereigns besides  
his, or her, other present.  
**SEND US YOUR NAME  
AND ADDRESS.**  
WRITE TO-DAY. GOODS SENT TO-MORROW.  
If you are unable to sell these useful and artistic articles  
of jewellery, we will make you a handsome present for your  
trouble.  
**ENGLISH LEVER WATCH CO. (DEPT. 65), 55 Bath St., Glasgow.**

# "No Better Food."

Dr. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., &c.

## Fry's

### PURE CONCENTRATED

## Cocoa

### 300 Gold Medals, &c

Half a Teaspoonful is sufficient to make a cup of most delicious Cocoa.

## Mr. Geo. R. Sims' Discovery. "TATCHO."

20,000 large (4/6 size) Bottles  
to be distributed.



"TATCHO" is a brilliant spirituous tonic, the colour of whisky, free from all grease. A sprinkle of a few drops on the scalp and five minutes with the brush daily works marvels with every head of hair.  
"TATCHO" acts as an invigorating tonic. It stops the hair falling, creates a luxuriant growth, and imparts to it a bright and youthful lustre.  
"When I discovered the preparation, I found that I had hit upon a remedy capable of working wonders," said Mr. George R. Sims to the representative of the Daily Mail.  
"Look at my hair now. Look at the colour. In time people got to know. Then the trouble began.  
"Letters in thousands poured in to me from men and women in every quarter of the world, from all parts of the kingdom, from America, India, Africa, China, and Australia. The work of answering the letters was enormous, and as far as possible the desired information was supplied; but it became quite evident that at the rate at which the demand was increasing I should very soon need a large staff of clerks to attend solely to the hair-renewer department of correspondence.  
"In consequence, I said to myself, Why should this thing go on? If the public wants my hair-renewer, the public shall have it; but the demand must be met in the ordinary businesslike way. So I resolved to place the genuine article within reach of all, and with the assistance of a number of gentlemen, possessing the necessary commercial facilities, that has been accomplished."

The Geo. R. Sims' Company have decided  
to distribute

**20,000**  
**LARGE TRIAL BOTTLES**  
**OF TATCHO**

to enable those who have not yet profited by Mr. G. R. Sims' discovery, to have the opportunity of doing so. The Company does this in the belief that such distribution will enable the preparation to become more widely known, and will introduce it to every home in a far more satisfactory manner than through unlimited puffing by advertisement.

**COUPON.**  
**P. W.**  
June 13, 1901.

If you are desirous of participating in this distribution, cut out this Coupon and send it to the Geo. R. Sims' Co., 81a Great Queen Street, London, W.C., accompanied by a postal order for 1s. 10d. You will receive by return of post a plain package containing

**A FULL SIZE 4s. 6d. TRIAL BOTTLE**  
**OF "TATCHO" POST PAID,**

which will enable you to give TATCHO a fair trial and to satisfy yourself as to its merits.



## GOOD!

IT'S **MASON'S**

### EXTRACT OF HERBS.

A 6<sup>d</sup>. BOTTLE MAKES 8 GALLONS.



This is what you get with

## MASON'S EXTRACT OF HERBS

Makes the most  
delicious and  
wholesome  
**HERB**  
**BEER.**

There is no **PURER**,  
There is no **BETTER**,  
There is no **STRONGER**,  
and  
There is no **CHEAPER**.

Makes  
**MORE BEER**  
and  
**BETTER BEER**  
than any other  
Extract

Agents wanted everywhere.

Sold everywhere. Bottle, Post Free 9 Stamps.

## NEWBALL & MASON, NOTTINGHAM

All Communications respecting Advertisements should be sent to the Advertisement Department, "PEARSON'S WEEKLY" Offices, HENRIETTA STREET, LONDON.